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### ALONE.

BY A. C.

She stands beside the cottage door
To watch the dying day,
Her raven hair is sprinkled o'er
With flakes of silver grey;
And many a line of sadness sears
That pale yet lovely face,
To mark where slow and silent tears
Have left their lasting trace.

And still her whispered thoughts will tell
Of scenes that are no more,
And scan the once loved forms that dwelt
On Mem'ry's shadowy shore;
Again the little cot to deck,
That now so empty stands,
Again to feel around her neck
The touch of tiny hands.

How long, the weary spirit cries,
Within this world of pain,
Ere 'neath the never-fading skies
I meet them once again?
And as she views the silver night,
Slow sweeping to the west,
A murmured prayer in faith takes flight
To Him who giveth rest.

# VERA;

—OR,—

# A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

PENGARTH was in a state of excitement. It was not often that the little Cornish sea coast village had anything more stirring than a wreck to enliven it—and that was not a pleasurable excitement; but on this sunny June day some unusual event had led the fishermen and their wives to deck themselves in their best attire, and caused more or less successful attempts at decoration here and there, notably at the Devereux Arms the inn—for there was only one—which displayed two or three bits of gay bunting.

The train had just come in, and a young man, well dressed, and carrying a small traveling bag, alighted, and asked the porter the way to the hotel—if there was one—and, being directed to the aforesaid Devereux Arms, he bent his steps in that direction.

Around the old fashioned porch a group of villagers stood talking so earnestly that they hardly even noticed the stranger as he passed through their midst, and, entering the neat little parlor, sat down somewhat wearily; but, before he had removed his hat, good Mrs. Vosper, in her Sunday dress, with cheery ribbons in her cap, stood curtseying before him.

"Good day, sir. What will you please sir? We have very nice fowls, sir, and some beautiful mutton, and——"

"Thank you," said the young man; "I require only a mutton-chop and a pint of claret—if you keep it; if not, a glass of ale will do. But what is going on here? A marriage, or some grandee expected?"

"Lor', sir," answered the hostess, "of course you wouldn't know, being a stranger here; but you're not far from the mark in your last guess. You've heard tell of Sir Randal Chandos Devereux, of Chandos Royal, of course, sir?"

"Well," said the young man, smiling. "I come from Canada, but I have heard of the family. The second son had a very brilliant career at college."

"Yes, sir," agreed the landlady, brimming over with her news. "Well, sir, it's him that's just been elected to Parliament. The Radicals were impudent enough to set up somebody from London against Mr. Vivian, but, lor', he got only ten votes, though they say he bribed like anything!"

"Mr. Devereux then did not need to bribe?" interrogated the stranger, as the landlady paused to take breath.

"No fear, sir! Why"—and Mrs. Vosper smiled—"they'd need only to look at him to vote for him! You never see such a handsome man, sir, and so beautiful spoken; and then look what a grand family the Chandos-Devereux are, and the property they've got. All Pengarth and miles around belongs to them; and you know Mr. Vivian has Rougemont—that's fifteen miles from here—and a good part of Melton Parva belongs to him that way. Rougemont always goes to the second son."

"I see. Is Mr. Vivian then expected home to day?"

"Yes, sir, that's it; and there'll be grand doings at the Royal presently. Lady Constance Morton—that is Sir Randal's cousin—is stopping there, and there's to be a grand dress up ball—costume ball don't they call it?—at least so I've heard tell—in honor of Mr. Vivian being in Parliament."

"Mr. Vivian is a favorite at Pengarth, it seems" remarked the young man.

"Would be more so, sir," said the loquacious landlady, "if we saw more of him; but he's been here so little. He went abroad when he was a child, and then he was at Eton and college, and he never spent his vacations at home. He'd come for a few days at most; and before this time he was abroad two years. They say, you know, sir, that Sir Randal didn't like his goings on, nor Mr. Duke—Mr. Marmaduke—that's his eldest brother—neither. I don't know how that may be; but, lor', you must like him, he is that handsome, sir," added the landlady, laughing—"all the girls are in love with him—and as free with his money—— oh, he's got the Devereux way as well as the French, for he favors his mother more than his father's family!"

"His mother then was French?"

"Why, yes," said good Mrs. Vosper, surprised that anyone should be ignorant of that fact. "she was Madmerzell de Rohan—a great French family—and wonderful beautiful. She died when Mr. Vivian wasn't but six years old—more's the pity!"

"Why?"

"Well, sir, it's well known that Mr. Duke—his mother was Lord Wrentham's daughter—couldn't bear my lady, nor Mr. Vivian neither; and, though some folks say its Mr. Vivian's fault that he can't get on at home, I don't believe it is, and there's many thinks so too, for all he's awful proud, and passionate, too, maybe. But Mr. Duke's everybody, and, if he rules the roast, and don't like his brother, why, it ain't in a Devereux to sit down meekly and put up with things—they always were proud and spirited, and Mr. Vivian has a spirit! When he was a little fellow no higher than that"—placing her hand about a yard above the floor—"you couldn't bully him."

"Is not his father fond of him?" asked the stranger.

"Well, sir, I suppose he is, after his fashion, but Sir Randal ain't like most of the Devereux—leastways, he's meek and mild like, and Mr. Duke rules him, and he hasn't good health neither. He's seldom away from the Royal, and, though he dotes on Mr. Duke, I don't think he's all that a son ought to be—Mr. Duke, I mean."

"Is he wild too?"

"Lor', no, sir! He sets up to be very strict. But I don't know; there are some tales about him. I think them that are so hard upon others are often queer folks in a sly way—don't you think so, sir?"

"Yes," said the stranger, smiling at the shrewdness of the remark. "Mr. Vivian, then is wild?"

"Wild! That's a hard word, sir. I don't believe it's true of him—not the quarter some people say. I know this—the few times he's been here none could say he was anything but the perfect gentleman; there wasn't a man or woman in Pengarth who'd need to fear him crossing their door."

"You are a doughty champion, hostess," said the young man.

"Well, sir, right's right; and I believe Mr. Vivian's one of them that gets least justice at home. Why, he don't gamble nor bet! My husband, who knows too much about racing, says he's never run a horse nor backed one—no' more does Mr. Duke I think; but Mr. Duke likes country sports and that sort of thing, and I dare say that's partly why they can't pull together. Mr. Vivian he don't care for them things, and I think it's a pity."

"Well," remarked the stranger, "they are sufficiently like each other, these two brothers. Mr. Vivian will make this generation of Devereux famous."

"Well, maybe he's a bit wild," said the landlady indulgently—"most young men are; and just think the money he's got, sir—all his own. He keeps the loveliest little yacht you ever see; and it ain't to be expected young men should be saints. There, sir, I can't understand them not liking him at home. I should just worship him, if I was his mother. Perhaps you'll see him pass presently, sir; we expect him by the five o'clock train."

"Ah, I will look out for him! But I shall see him this evening, I dare say. I have letters of introduction to Sir Randal Devereux."

"Indeed, sir!" The landlady's manner had throughout been respectful; it now became deferential. "Well, sir, I musn't keep you waiting any longer."

She was hurrying away when the stranger's voice arrested her.

"Is Mr. Duke married?"

"No, sir, he isn't."

"How old is he?"

"Six and seven and thirty, sir. It is odd he shouldn't marry; for he don't like Mr. Vivian being his heir."

"Very odd—yes," said the stranger to himself as the landlady vanished, "very odd." He smiled a little, nodded his head meditatively, and drew out one or two letters, which he glanced at and returned to his pocket.

The landlady presently re-entered with the luncheon ordered, including a pint of claret which she "highly recommended." As she was arranging the table, the stranger asked—

"Whose is that fine old turretted mansion, about three miles from here, that I caught a glimpse of from the railway? It is built of graystone and has a tall tower on the eastern side."

"It's Temple Rest, you mean, sir—Mr. Calderon's place. They're a very old family, and very rich, too. Mr. Calderon's just come home from abroad. Queer man he is, sir. He went away nigh on ten years ago, and has hardly been near the place since. It seems shut up like. His agent managed the estate; but he died just a month ago—and that made Mr. Calderon come home, I suppose; or maybe his daughter persuaded him."

"His daughter?"

"Yes, sir; there's only him and her. She'll be nineteen or twenty now, and I've heard say is uncommon handsome. I saw her once as a baby, and she was a beauty——foreign-looking. You'll see her at the Royal, no doubt, sir, for they're sure to ask all the grand folks—none of the mushrooms. No, no; they're too proud for that."

At this moment a loud cheer broke upon the air, and, before he could reach the door another and another. He went out quickly to the porch, where the landlady and all her myrmidons already stood in a great state of excitement, while without, in the straggling street—if street it could be called—was collected what, for Pengarth, was a crowd; for, swelled by an influx from the country round about, it was really a numerous gathering, and an unmistakably enthusiastic one.

The stranger had expected to see a carriage, drawn perhaps by four horses; but, instead, he beheld riding up the centre of the street; at a quick walking pace, a horseman attended only by a groom, while by his side trotted a gigantic bloodhound, from which, though he took no notice of any one some of the people shrank back in alarm. Shading his eyes from the rays of the sun, the Canadian stepped forward, watching the advancing rider, and, as he moved, an old woman, whose face the hood of a long and shabby brown mantle hid from view, glanced towards him, and immediately, with a start, moved hurriedly away, as though to gain a better position, but placing several people between herself and the stranger.

On came the noble horse and its noble rider, the people cheering and waving caps and handkerchiefs, the rider, lifting his hat every minute, and bowing with the grace and manner of a patrician.

He was close now, and the eager gaze of the Canadian rested in undisguised admiration on a superb beauty of face and form such as he had never expected to see in real life. He had been told that Vivian Devereux was a remarkably handsome man; but here was the form of the ideal Greek, slender, supple, graceful, and a face in which the perfection of contour, feature, and coloring was illuminated by intellect and will, by a depth and force of expression that were apparent even in so necessarily cursory a survey. If anything detracted somewhat from the extreme beauty of the young man's countenance, it was the indomitable pride that was stamped on every line, and a sarcastic expression so settled in the lines of then handsome mouth as to be evidently habitual. The Canadian thought he detected the lightest touch of scorn in the smile that rested on those curved lips, as though Devereux half despised the homage he acknowledged with so princely a courtesy; but, if so, the scorn was too fine for the eyes of peasants and fishermen; and there was not a tinge of it when the rider drew rein suddenly before the inn-porch, and bent from his saddle, with hat raised once more his large brilliant eyes singling out Mrs. Vosper.

"I could not pass you by, Dame Vosper," said a sweet, mellow tenor voice, "you have always a friend's welcome for Vivian Devereux."

"Heaven bless you, sir!" exclaimed the good woman, tears in her eyes, "it's too good you are to do me the honor—and I never was gladder to see you than I am today."

"The pleasure is reciprocal, Mrs. Vosper. My prettie lassie"—to the bar maid—"will you buy a ribbon, true blue, for my sake?"—holding out a gold piece, with a singularly winning smile; and the girl received the gift blushing and curtseying, and with beaming eyes.

The old woman who had started at sight of the Canadian here made an abrupt movement, and uttered a half spiteful exclamation of anger or disgust, attracting the quick keen gaze of the young lord.

"How now, grandam?" he said, with a strong leaven of contempt in his manner, markedly at variance with the debonair courtesy of a moment before "You, I suppose must not be forgotten;" and he dropped silver into her cloak, a corner of which was gathered up, for she held no hand to receive the money. She shook the cloak with an angry gesture, so that the money rolled under the horse's feet.

"Gold to the girl, silver to the old woman" she said in a harsh voice which made Vivian start and look at her again, for it struck his sensitive ear as disguised and not belonging to her seeming condition. "You are a true Devereux. But I don't want your money. I wouldn't touch it. Keep it for fools that are willing to be bribed by it."

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed a man near the speaker, laying a rough hand on her shoulder; but Vivian hastily interposed.

"Hands off, friend; for my sake never lay rough touch on a woman. Adieu, grandam, since you will not let me bribe you to a good wish."

"You are welcome free to such wishes as I have," said the woman boldly; "they are not good ones. But there is little need for them. They will not alter the end."

"I suppose not," returned Vivian, with a slight laugh. "Adieu, once more. Adieu, mesdames," including Mrs. Vosper and the pretty barmaid and half a dozen others in his low bow and parting smile, but noting too the face of the Canadian stranger. And he rode on, while the small boys made a scramble for the money which the old woman had rejected. She stood looking after the rider.

"Ay," she muttered, clenching her hand under her mantle, "glozing tongue and winning smile, they cost you nothing; and gold—you can fling it about as idle boys play with the sand on the sea shore, and leave the rabble you despise to fight like dogs over it. But never mind; grief and wrong

make prophets of their victims. They say the banshee, whose voice is heard before a Devereux's death or when sorrow threatens, wailed all night when my Lady Devereux—the beautiful Madame Rohan—died. It may be heard again soon, very soon, my lord of Rougemont, and heir of Chandos, and Westleigh, and Baronmere; it may wail for you—or"—she grasped the stick she carried with a savage grip, and added in a sort of chuckle as she tottered away—"or your brother!"

## CHAPTER II.

THROUGH a lordly avenue of elms and beeches Vivian Devereux rode to Chandos Royal, which crowned with a mass of castellated towers the wild Heights of Brida.

These cliffs took their name from a poor maiden who in distant ages was, it was said, wronged by a lord of Chandos Royal, and in her grief cast herself from the rocks into the boiling sea beneath; but ever after, when misfortune in any form threatened the family, her sobbing wail was heard, and some averred she had been seen. Vivian however gave no thought to the banshee, he drew rein at the entrance to the magnificent pleasure-grounds, and his eyes wandered over turret, and bastion, and pinnacle, and marble terrace, but dwelt longest—and he removed his hat now—on the lofty spire of the ancient chapel, rising up against the softly tinted evening sky where his mother lay buried.

Rousing himself at length with an effort Vivian rode on, and, as he passed under the grand old Gothic gateway into the wide courtyard before the great entrance, he saw that the door was flung open and the hall within filled with the servants, eager to welcome him. Vivian had always been a favorite with the servants, but many of these were strangers. For all, however, he had a gentle word, a jest, a graceful acknowledgment, instantly recognising all whom he had known, and promising to the girls a present for a "true blue" ribbon—and he did not forget the promise.

Vivian asked where his father was.

"In the blue drawing-room sir," responded the steward, "with Lady Constance Morton. Mr. Duke is out at present, sir, but left word he would be in to dinner."

"Thanks."

Vivian allowed a stately footman to precede him through the noble halls and galleries to the blue drawing-room, the door of which the servant flung wide open, announcing in an impressive voice—

"Mr. Vivian Chandos Devereux."

There was a little exclamation of, "Oh!" and a middle aged lady rushed forward and clasped Vivian's hands in both her own.

"My dear boy, let me congratulate you! I am so delighted! Dear me, Vivian, you are handsomer than ever, I do think. What an age it is since I saw you!"

An old man, somewhat bent, and whose trembling hand grasped a gold headed cane, had risen from a luxurious arm chair near the window, and Vivian, after imprinting a kiss on the fair, somewhat faded face of his father's cousin, and uttering a few appropriate words, crossed the room quickly to his father, and took his withered hand. Sir Randal looked up with more than a flash of pride, into the noble face of his second son, who would make the Devereux name famous in this generation.

"I am glad to see you, my son," he said, "very glad. You take my thoughts back to younger days. I am getting old, Vivian, very old. You bring back the past; you are so like your mother—so like her. Dear, dear, what a sensation she produced the season she was presented! It seems only yesterday."

Vivian's lip quivered, as he gently led his father back to the arm chair, and, arranging the cushions with a woman's tact and tenderness of touch and manner, asked him how he felt, and said he hoped he was better than when he wrote.

"Yes, yes," prosed Sir Randal. "I was very bad then—very—and Duke had a bother with the steward, and that made me worse. Thanks; that is very comfortable. What is the matter Constance?"

A sharp little cry from that lady caused the question, and, turning round, Vivian saw that Alba, the bloodhound, whom he had left in the antechamber, had pushed open the door, which was not quite closed, and now stood on the threshold, waving his tail majestically, and hesitating as to whether he should advance or retreat.

"He is as gentle as a lamb, cousin," said Devereux. "My cousin Saint Leon gave him to me. He makes friends with every one."

"A splendid brute," remarked Sir Randall, looking at the dog with a critical eye, well able to judge of his "points." "Well, I don't mind him, but I don't know what Duke will say."

A light color flitted across Vivian's usually pale face.

"Duke must get used to him," he said quietly; "but, if my cousin is afraid——"

"Oh, dear me, no!" cried Lady Constance, who had been skimming to the top of Alba's head with the tips of her fingers, and starting back the moment he stirred. "I am not a bit afraid! Good dog! What a beauty, Vivian!"

"And a true friend," said Vivian, caressing his favorite. "Does any one except yourselves dine here this evening, father?"

"Very likely," replied Sir Randall, "a young fellow named Everest—Percy Clinton Everest—from Ottawa. He was on the Governor General's staff, and my old friend wrote to say that he was coming over in the Castlemaine, with letters of introduction from him. So of course I shall be glad to receive him. He's quite a stranger in England, and I suppose wants some pushing; so you may be able to help him.

"He will be here presently," said Vivian. "There was a man standing in the porch of the Devereux Arms who had no Cornish face. Meanwhile I will retire. Cousin Constance," he added, "is not Florrie coming?"

"She will come to the ball," answered Lady Constance, smiling—"not before; and then she must leave. I am so sorry that she has a prior engagement."

"The ball!" said Vivian, glancing at his father. "What ball?"

"Oh," cried the lady playfully, "I will tell you all about it at dinner! Now be off! You mustn't say me nay. I am going to have my own way in this."

"I have no objection," said Vivian, shrugging his shoulders. "*Au revoir* then cousin Come, Alba;" and he went up stairs.

As he closed the door of his dressing-room he heard the deep toned peal of the door bell, and the hound pricked up its ears, and, with a loud growl, put its nose to the door; sniffing suspiciously.

"Why, Alba," said Vivian lightly, "we are not in the wilds of Mexico, where we have laid down to sleep, friend, with a loaded pistol in our belt, and your watchful eyes half opened while you slumbered. I'll wager this stranger is no more formidable than Percy Clinton Everest of Ottawa."

Certainly the gentlemanly Canadian in faultless broadcloth, who, while Vivian Devereux spoke, crossed the threshold of Chandos Royal, was neither Mexican *greco* nor Indian savage. What could the brilliant young lord of Rougemont have to fear from him?

## CHAPTER III.

IT was not long before Vivian re entered the blue drawing room, when Lady Constance Morton immediately informed him that Mr. Everest had just arrived and that Duke, having returned at the same time, had escorted him to his room. She thought him a "nice looking" young man, and, as he seemed fond of sport and agriculture, no doubt Duke and he would get on well together. She then proceeded to ask a hundred questions about Vivian's late travels. All of these Vivian answered in such a manner as to give no information whatever; but, though he did not show it, his cousin, who was no favorite of his, bored him considerably, and he was relieved when the opening of the door and the entrance of Duke Devereux and the new guest created diversion.

No more marked contrast could have been than that between the brothers.

Duke was a fine, good looking, handsome man of the robust type. He looked his age, and wore a thick beard and heavy moustache, which last somewhat hid the lines of a full sensual mouth; but, though the brow was heavy, the face was intelligent, and haughty with the haughtiness of an overbearing temper, which was sufficiently manifest to any one who looked on his features with more than a superficial glance. His companion was quite ten years younger, and more slightly made, nor, at a first look was there anything to produce a disagreeable impression by the refined and comely, if not strictly handsome countenance, except that narrowness between the eyes which imparts a sinister expression to the features. Vivian however, peculiarly keen in reading physiognomy, noticed that the lips were thin and straight, and something about them displeased him.

There was no glad look in Duke's eyes—of the light greenish gray that often belongs to a false disposition—no smile on his lip, as he came forward and held out his hand to his brother, only for the sake of the guest giving even this greeting.

"Well, Vivian," he said, "how are you? Mr. Everest—my brother."

For a second the hands of the brothers met, and before Vivian, if he had meant to do so, could speak, Duke had turned to inspect Alba; and Vivian's first words of greeting were to a stranger.

"I have had the pleasure," he said, smiling, "of seeing you before, Mr. Everest."

"The pleasure, I think was mine," the young man replied; and Vivian put down a mental mark of disapprobation against Mr. Everest's smile.

"In the name of all that is canine, where did you pick up that brute, Vivian?" asked Duke, still looking with no pleased expression at the bloodhound. "Is he gentle?"

"As a child," returned Vivian stroking the dog. "Saint Leon gave him to me;" and, turning to Everest, he added, in courteous explanation, "Count Saint Leon is my cousin—my mother's nephew, and like enough to me to have been sometimes mistaken for me. Saint Leon's father and my mother were twins, and were as much alike as man and woman can be; and I resemble my mother."

The entrance of the footman to announce dinner put an end to further conversation, and the party adjourned, Lady Constance declaring that if nobody else objected she did not mind "the dear dog" in the dining room. Alba therefore stretched himself by his master's side, and never once offered to beg; but Vivian observed that, whenever Duke spoke first after a pause, the dog laid back his ears and lifted his head with a quick movement, which showed his keen instinct detected some antagonistic element.

Lady Constance, as in duty bound, first addressed herself to the guest and Duke started a conversation on cattle with his father.

Percy Everest, while he listened and responded to his hostess, used wits by no means lacking in keenness and intelligence. Mrs. Vosper was right; there was certainly little real harmony in this household. Duke Devereux did not once address Vivian; and Vivian, on his part, seemed content to sit silent. To his face Everest found his eyes perpetually straying, drawn by a fascination which it is rare for one man to find in the countenance of another; but then Vivian Devereux was unlike any one the young man had ever seen.

After the meal Everest retired to his apartment and subsequently went to the drawing-room, where he found Vivian alone at the piano; and, even to the Canadian's unskilled ears, evidently playing with a musician's soul and culture. But Devereux closed the instrument, and rose as Everest came in; and shortly afterwards Sir Randal and his eldest son entered, followed in a few moments by Lady Constance.

"Mr. Everest," she began, seating herself on a lounge, and making room for him beside her, "you have come very opportunely for the ball."

Everest bowed. Vivian looked up, and crossing the room, sat down by his cousin.

"What is this?" he said. "You ladies are never happy without giving balls. When is it to come off?"

"In a fortnight" answered the lady complacently. "Nearly all the invitations are out—in fact, all save two. It will be a costume ball in your honor, Vivian; so mind you choose some nice costume."

Vivian shrugged his shoulders. "But whom have you left out, cousin?"

"Not left out," corrected Lady Constance "I shall send the invitations to morrow; but as those for whom they are intended arrived in England only a day or two ago, I could not ask them before. They are Mr Calderon and his daughter. A fortnight is a short time; but still one cannot omit them."

"Certainly not. I have never seen Miss Calderon. Have you seen her? How old is she?"

"I have never seen her. She is about eighteen or nineteen now, I believe, and I heard somewhere that she is remarkably handsome. I saw her mother once or twice—Miss Beresford. She had a lovely Irish face; but I don't know whether Vera is like her."

"Vera?" repeated Vivian. "She ought to be handsome with such a musical name. Temple Rest will not know itself with a master once more."

"Isn't it odd his going away in that manner?" exclaimed Lady Constance.

"I wonder why he did it?"

"He's half mad, I think," interposed Duke; "he has some wild notion of his own about leases and crops, and was rather disagreeable about what they call the Lea Farm—and Farmer Tredger—you remember him, Vivian?"

"Ay; he had a pretty little daughter, Maggie, whom I used to play with. What has become of her?"

"She is living still," answered Lady Constance more reservedly, glancing covertly at Vivian.

Duke was sitting at the table, his figure half averted from the group on the lounge, while looked over a newspaper; but he was opposite a mirror, and as Vivian spoke of Maggie Tredegar he perceived a redder flush deepen the ruddy hue of his brother's cheek and a watchful listening expression steal in to his eyes. He was not reading the newspaper.

"Farmer Tredeger," continued Lady Constance, "wanted to turn part of the farm into grass land; and Mr. Walrond, Mr. Calderon's agent, would not let it to him. Duke actually took the trouble to go to him personally; but he was inexorable."

"Hard-hearted Walrond!" said Vivian mockingly, and under his breath. "Generous intercessor!" Then aloud—"What was the result, cousin? Has the farmer committed suicide, and the pretty daughter 'gone and married a market gardener,' like Sophy Wackles?"

Duke threw down the paper, and rose impatiently. Vivian's glance followed him. Everest asked if the farmer was distressed by the refusal.

"No," said the lady, "he was vexed; but Sir Randal let him have some land that suited him as well, and so it did not really matter; still Mr. Calderon must be a very crotchety man."

"It seems so indeed," assented Mr. Everest; but Vivian silently caressed Alba's long ears.

"What the deuce are you about, Duke Devereux?" he thought. "You are not wont to put in a good word for anybody; you would go fox-hunting with a light heart, if Farmer Tredegar's body lay in your path. It is because you asked it that my father let the land. Admirable personage! 'Whatever faults Duke Devereux may have' says the world, 'he is steady at least; but Vivian——' By all that is good and pure in man or woman, Vivian would never blacken name and honor by grinding a woman's soul in the dust—and I am free to confess he is no saint!"

The thought flashed so quickly through Vivian's mind that there was a hardly perceptible pause before he spoke again, and, turning the subject to more general matters talked brilliantly, never usurping the conversation, but leaving those who listened to him to wish that he had said more.

When the party separated for the night, Duke allowed the guest to depart, and Vivian, who had paused in the antechamber to wait for Alba, who had stopped to inspect a favorite paroquet that Lady Constance always carried about with her, overheard his brother say something in an undertone, the purport of which Lady Constance's reply made manifest.

"Oh, yes, of course she will like to see all the grand doings! Good night, Duke."

Lady Constance rustled away to her chamber. Vivian stepped back into the drawing room, and took up a book from the table.

"Maggie Tredegar seems a charming girl" he observed carelessly.

Duke turned sharply.

"Vivian," he said roughly, "remember you are at Chandos Royal, and that Maggie Tredegar is a tenant's daughter."

"I understand," returned Vivian provokingly; "if she were not a tenant's daughter, then——" He shrugged his shoulders again. "I admire your *morals*, my excellent brother; but have no fear." He had reached the door, but pausing, looked back "I am a sinner, not a saint. Good night, and pleasant dreams of—Farmer Tredegar."

Duke's eyes quailed, his lip writhed; irony was a sword which he had no armor to withstand, no weapon to parry; and before he could gather his forces for an answer Vivian had vanished.

"If he tries to cross me," said Duke Devereux, dashing a china ornament into pieces, "he will learn that I have Devereux blood to match the cursed foreign stream that has made him an alien! I have not your beauty, Vivian, nor your gifts, but I have the will for revenge—and the power!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORIGIN OF QUARRELS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle axe of hatred, or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of a rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their traveling irksome and unpleasant. M. S.

INNATE POWER.—The most abundant advantage and the most generous education can never supply the lack of brains, or implant innate power, or compel untiring perseverance. If they could, there might be some justice in regarding the academy or university as the rival of self education, and in distinguishing rigidly between the self-made man and the college made man. As it is, every one whose life amounts to anything at all is self made in the true sense whether he be favored with outward helps or not. He must not only supply the foundation of a capacity to learn, but must also furnish a continual relay of power in the form of assiduous and patient labor. The fact cannot be too deeply impressed upon the young. M. S.

The German Emperor is extremely fond of reviewing his guards, and will do so probably as long as his years will allow him. At present he scorns to be thought on the wane, and the consideration which would occasionally offer him an assisting arm, or sympathise with a passing ailment, is not always entirely welcome. He is very often seen, sometimes beneath a scorching sun, cantering across the parade ground with a steadiness and firmness of seat unequalled by the youngest General on his staff.

The Moscow journals relate an extraordinary escape of a young Nihilist girl named Gobiesiawska from the hands of the police. The latter had discovered the house in which she was concealed, and were about to make the arrest, when to their surprise they saw a balloon rising from the garden containing the object of their search and two men. They rapidly disappeared for some unknown destination, leaving the gendarmes to gaze disconsolately after them.

### A DEAD TREE.

BY T. S.

The field of buttercups is cloth of gold,
Beneath the burning blue;
The tender tree-tops their last leaves unfold,
And find their dreams are true.

Yes, it is summer in the land, and all
The flowers and birds rejoice—
Ah, that my heart could hearken to the call—
Put forth a leaf or voice.

Still, like a bare, dead tree my thought that grew,
Stands changeless and the same;
No more can quickening fancies clothe anew,
As with fresh leaves, the frame.

"Love lost, hope vanished, what is thy distress?"
Nay, ask not, God alone
Knows, and the heart knows its own bitterness—
And each must bear its own.

## The Rivals.

BY A. O. G.

WHAT a horse he was! and Abel's own too. Ah! it was a proud day for Abel when he paid his long-hoarded two hundred and sat in his own team—a man independent of the world—in its truest sense a rich man.

Abel was in a thriving way. He owned a neat home—boasted of a neat wife—a pretty one too—and called as beautiful a girl daughter as might be found in the whole county.

Nature had been lavish of favors with Miss Nell. Indeed she had—for what accomplishments she could not boast? Ah but I am wrong here; Nelly was no boaster. She was quiet, gentle, thoughtful, merry, rattle-pated—that is, she was all these by turns, and charming in each, and Abel was deservedly proud of his daughter.

The first thing after the purchase of the fine animal was to bring it home. Arriving at his own door, wife, child and neighbors must come out to look. How beautiful he was, they all said, smoothing down its sleek sides; the most knowing ones making such suggestions as professional "cuteness" required.

"Yes; I think I needn't be ashamed of my bargain this time," said Abel, in his clear, confident voice, "Look, wife," he added, in an undertone; while she as quickly whispered, "I see."

A dark brown team wagon was briskly drawn along that moment by a high, whitish-gray horse, whose persevering "nid, nid, nodding," seemed to say, "I'm a sure horse and a safe one; slow, perhaps, but always to be depended on." Forward on a seat sat a strong-bodied man with a good enough face, saving that an ugly frown detracted somewhat from a usually pleasant expression. He drove as rapidly by as the narrow space would admit, spitefully striking his horse, but apparently glancing neither right nor left. It might seem as though some unpleasant occurrence had thrown a veil over the happy scene. To him it seemed as if all was veiled—and so it was; darkened and blasted by the breath of envy.

"What's the matter now, Tim? What's gone wrong to day? I know something has, by that black look of yours. What's the matter with your tea?"

"Thunder take the tea!" he muttered, turning uneasily; "thunder take the tea and everything else; "here's Abe Saunders got a new horse on purpose to drive me out. I know it. O, if I could only compass that fellow!"

"Who, father?" asked a hearty voice, as the door opened and in walked a tall young fellow, with a face as sunny as the day had been.

The frown partly vanished as Tim met that frank, handsome face, for he felt proud of his boy, who was, he was sure, growing up an honor to him. For Tim was clerk in the neighboring city.

Again the blackness as Tim's mind reverted to his trouble:

"That confounded Abe Saunders is pushing me out of business as fast as he can," he sullenly answered.

"What has he done now, father?"

But the question was put so cheerfully that Tim felt half inclined to visit his wrath upon his son.

"Done! what is he always doing?" he growled, "Making more show, and catching more fools; lying about *me* more than likely. Wasn't my business better than his five years ago? Haven't I been running down and hasn't he been climbing up? Hasn't he bought himself a house, and a horse, and been painting his team? And don't his wife go to church every Sunday with brand new dresses on?"

Three weeks from that Tim had a new horse also; his wagon was painted fresh, a bright blue frock replaced his old one, and Tim made altogether a brave appearance. But that he pinched at home was too apparent. The butcher, whose cart usually stood every day before Tim's house, stopped now but three times in the week. Fresh loaves were seldom ordered from the baker's. Matty, Tim's wife, staid at home from meeting because she had not a dress decent to appear at church, much less a bonnet and other essential clothing.

The truth is, Tim by his angry jealousy lost the good will of his best customers. Smarting under a supposed sense of injury, he was not slow in imputing to Abel, once his bosom friend, motives altogether strangers to that good man's breast. His hints, obscure and lightly dropped, failed of their effect; he could not injure Abel's business. Another stumbling block was his habit of tippling. Customers preferred one who could at all times be depended upon; who never reeled in his seat; whose cheeks and eyes were neither flushed nor fiery. Of Tim these things could seldom be said; and month after month his business decreased in spite of his new horse and gay wagon.

These things could not be without their result, and gradually Mrs. Fuller lost her old time healthful look.

Had her husband cared to look he would have known what her glassy eye and sinking cheek meant, but he did not. And thus it was that one day in a sudden fit of delirious fever the poor woman wandered forth from her home, she knew not where.

Heedless of her steps the miserable woman tottered along, but at last a blinding vertigo seized her, she lost all consciousness and fell heavily to the ground.

Nelly Saunders sat at a side window of her father's house sewing and singing. Every few moments she would take from the folds of her dress a small miniature and look fondly at the features delineated there.

"Nelly, my child," said her mother, while the blushing girl thrust back the likeness just as her mother saw it, "Come here and look over the way. There, what does it mean? Some poor creature either tipsy or sick."

"It won't harm us to go and see," replied Nelly, her gaze growing sadly intent; "it may be somebody's mother, you know; and poor creature, even if she had been drinking——"

But Nelly was out before she had finished the sentence, across the street, and as rapidly running back again.

"Mother," she cried, all out of breath, "who do you think, what do you think? it is Frank's own mother. O, dear!" and she began to cry. "It makes me feel wretchedly to see her so, for she must be very sick, very sick indeed. There don't seem to be any life in her; and she's as white, whiter than these curtains."

Mrs. Saunders hurried across with her daughter. The poor woman was slightly recovering. She raised her hand, muttering:

"Don't don't, Tim, we're so poorly now," and again the head and hand dropped.

That night when Abel came home, before his quick, heavy tread sounded on the door, Nelly ran noiselessly forward with her finger on her lip. She led him softly into the little kitchen and pointed to the slumbering woman.

He leaned over the insensible form, and then turning to Nelly, said:

"Go after Doctor James—tell him it's a case of life and death; that woman is sicker than you or I know. Then hurry and let Tim know; he must be worried by this time, if she has been here since morning. But above all, send the doctor; she's a sick woman."

Nelly was soon in the streets, and after her mission to the doctor's, who was fortunately at home, she almost flew to Tim's little house, where she saw Frank and his father in awful anxiety. She told them all, and in a moment Frank was ready to go, but Tim stood staring at his son as though he could not or would not comprehend. After Frank had gone, however, he snatched up his hat and muttering, left the house. Notwithstanding his harshness and often ill nature he was not without love for his wife. And though he chose to say little though he was boiling over with hate for his rival, though he swore fearfully that he would never step foot over Abe Saunders' threshold, he could not keep his feet from that direction, but paced repeatedly by, feeling as if he should be warned in case of real danger.

Meanwhile, the physician had been there, and just as Frank and Nelly arrived was leaving the house. As he passed along the street a dark-looking man in a slouched hat touched him on the arm.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I thought maybe you was the doctor called to tend a woman in yonder house."

"I am," answered the physician; "what do you want of me?"

"How is the woman? Is she likely to be sick?"

"Likely to be sick!" repeated the doctor, looking at Tim; for something in the man's manner arrested his attention. "If I find her living to-morrow at sundown I shall be more astonished than I am apt to be. Why, man, it's congestion of the brain; she's dangerous."

Tim waited to hear no more, but walked straight up to Abe's cottage door, where Abel stood himself, with a kindly look in his honest eyes, at which Tim never looked.

"My wife is sick here. I'm sorry she's sick *here*," he said, "but we can't have everything to our liking. Where is she?"

Without saying a word Abel led Tim to his wife. Katy Saunders had passed an arm under the head of the sufferer, while with the other hand she was laving the forehead with some cooling mixture. The bed was snowy white; clean, neat curtains, looped back, were its only ornament—but over all was thrown an air of grace and purity.

Nelly stood at the side of the bed, or rather leaning upon one elbow, the tips of her fingers buried in her beautiful cheek, slowly fanning the poor, sick creature; and upon her face was imprinted much delicate solicitude. Frank sat near, holding his mother's hand.

The whole scene nearly overcome poor Tim, especially when Nelly came noiselessly forward with a cushion and placing it in the old arm chair, and drawing that up to the bed, beckoned him to sit down with so sweet and filial an air.

For three days they hung over what bid fair to be the deathbed of Matty Fuller; but with so good a physician as kind Doctor James, and such skillful nursing as Katy's and her daughter's, the malady gave way. In a week Matty was slowly recovering.

* * * * *

"O, Tim, dear, seems to me I'll never be unthankful again if I rise from this," murmured the sick woman, feebly taking her husband's hand in her own. "You don't feel hard agin the Saunders' now, do you, Tim? You're a better man as I'm a better woman, I humbly hope and trust."

"You're a good wife, Matty," he said, chokingly, "too good for such as me; and if it's your wish that I should forget the past——"

"And mine too," said a cheerful voice, and a firm hand was laid lightly on his shoulder.

Tim sprang to his feet—one moment his mind was bitter, the next with a strong effort he held out his hand.

Abel grasped it heartily.

"God bless you," he said, with deep emotion; "we are friends once more. Come here, Kate, come here, Nelly, and witness that we forget the past—forever?" he asked, appealingly.

"Forever be it," answered Tim, solemnly; and they were rivals no longer.

"Now, friend," he added, seated himself by his side, "you and I are partners; from this moment our purse is one. I shall have painted on my team Saunders & Fuller—we will live in one house, and I warrant there'll be no happier hearths than ours. And by the way," he added, as Tim shook hands over the bargain, "there is another partnership under consideration; what do you say?" and he pointed to Frank who stood in the next room, with Nelly close to his side.

Tim gave no objections. Nelly and Frank are as happy as any true-hearted couple in this wide world.

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NATIONAL DANCES.—National dances, like national customs, are, to a great extent, the reflex of the character and of the taste of a people. They deserve to be studied, not for these reasons alone, but also as relics of ancient customs connected with the home as well as with the public life of a nation. We begin with the dance of the Ghasiehs in Egypt. The professional dancers of modern Egypt belong to the tribe of the Ghawazi, a kind of Eastern gypsies. They form a community among themselves, and live in secluded parts of the towns or under tents. Since 1834 they are no longer allowed to perform in public, but on festive occasions they are invited to houses or country seats of the rich. One section of the Ghasiehs, are dancers; another section, the Almehs make singing their profession. Among both the handsomest women of Egypt are found, and it is a weird sight to see them perform their peculiar dance by torchlight at a country seat of some pacha, to which European travelers are sometimes admitted. They commence by advancing toward one another with outstretched arms the fingers pointing to the ground, in a peculiar, slow and shuffling step. They then assume a leaping step, chasing around in a circle and clapping the castanets, and ultimately place their arms akimbo and whirl around, moving the upper half of the body from the waist from one side to the other, to a slow and measured cadence. As the music grows faster the dancers suddenly resume the shuffling step of the beginning, as if their legs had been tied together, after which the whole body is moved in a peculiar manner. It is difficult to describe the strange gyrations of the Ghasiehs, it is even more difficult to imitate them. The two halves of the body separated by the waist seem to move independently of each other, following the stormy rhythm of the music produced by violins, dulcimers and flutes.

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MARRIAGES OF GREAT MEN.—Shakespeare was married at eighteen; Dante, Franklin, and Bulwer at twenty-four; Kepler, Mozart and Walter Scott at twenty-six; Washington, Napoleon I. and Byron at twenty-seven; Rossini, the first time at thirty and the second time at fifty-four; Schiller and Weber at thirty-one; Aristophanes at thirty-six; Wellington at thirty-seven; Talma at thirty-nine; Luther at forty-two; Addison at forty-four; Young at forty-seven; Swift at forty-nine; Buffon at fifty-three and Goethe at fifty-seven.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

A SHEEP'S RETALIATION.—A man having some years since stolen a sheep in Surrey, England, tied its hind legs together and put them over his forehead to carry it away, but in getting over a gate the sheep, it is thought, struggled and by a sudden spring slipped its feet down to his throat, for they were found in that posture, the sheep hanging on one side of the gate and the man dead on the other.

HIGH-PRICED VANITY.—This is the way in which Chinese girls paint their faces in Pekin. They first take a quantity of sugar candy which they rub lavishly over their hands. They then spread this delectable cosmetic over their cheeks and forehead till they are as shiny as the moon and as sticky as though they had washed themselves in treacle. The surface thus prepared, they proceed to lay on the white powder, which they spread thickly from ear to ear, and then they put on the rouge.

EAST INDIAN PROVERBS.—The wolf asked the goat to dinner, but the goat declined. A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams. The wolf changes his hair every year, but remains a wolf. Love, fire and a cough cannot be hid. Make friends with a bear but keep hold of the axe. Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth. A full stomach is deaf to instruction. If you hunt two hares you will catch neither. You may shut the door on the devil, but he will enter by the window. Praise not the crop until it is stacked. Truth is not drowned in water, nor burned in fire. A fool may throw a stone into a pond, it may take seven sages to pull it out. Whose bread and whose salt I eat, his praise I sing. Lies march on rotten legs. Who lies will steal.

CITIZEN NICKNAMES.—The nicknames of the citizens of the several States are as follows: Alabama, Lizards; Arkansas, Toothpicks; California, Gold Hunters; Colorado, Rovers; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Muskrats; Florida, Fly up the Creeks; Georgia, Buzzards; Illinois, Suckers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Louisiana, Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Maryland, Craw Thumpers; Michigan, Wolverines; Minnesota, Gophers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug Eaters, Nebraska, Sage Hens; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; New Jersey, Blues or Clam Catchers; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tar Boilers and Tuckoes; Ohio, Buckeyes; Oregon, Webfeet and Hard Cases, Pennsylvania, Pennamites and Leatherheads; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; South Carolina, Weasels; Tennessee, Whelps; Texas, Beef Heads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, Beadles; Wisconsin, Badgers.

REASON IN A CAT.—Many years ago at a Scotch farm house, the household cat was observed to enter a bedroom in course of being Spring cleaned. The looking-glass being on the floor, the cat, on entering, was confronted with its own reflection, and naturally concluded that he saw before him a real intruder on his domain. Hostile demonstrations were the result, followed by a rush to the mirror, and then meeting an obstacle to his vengence, a fruitless cut round to the rear. This manœuvre was more than once repeated with, of course, equal lack of success. Finally, the cat was seen to deliberately walk up to the looking-glass, keeping its eyes on the image, and then, when near enough to the edge, to feel carefully with one paw behind, for the supposed intruder, while with its head twisted round to the front it assured itself of the persistence of the reflection. The result of this experiment fully satisfied the cat that he had been the victim of delusion, and never after would he condescend to notice more reflections, though the trap was more than once laid for him.

CASES OF SUDDEN DEATH.—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of the sudden deaths, an experiment was tried and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden deaths were made the subject of a thorough post-mortem examination. In these cases only two were found who died from disease of the heart. Nine out of thirty six had died of apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs; that is, the lungs were so full of blood that they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient amount of air to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are: cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the air, especially after speaking, too hasty walking or running to catch a train, etc. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of the heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable, hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

### QUITS.

BY THOMAS S. COLLINS.

So through the shadows on we pass,
  Clasp hands and kiss, and say good-bye,
Touch lips upon each other's glass—
  Who'll first forget? or you? or I?
You laugh, and say, "Man's hearts are fain
  To lose the gladness of a smile
That brightens when they come again,
  And waits for them a weary while."

Ah, yes! Men's hearts.—so I must be
  As reckless with my words and love
As any rover of the sea,
  That drifting in your path may move;
And yet we oft retain a look,
  A kiss, or hand clasp, through all years,
Locked in the covers of a book
  Whose pages know the sign of tears.

Again you laugh, cry, "Tears, forsooth!"
  Yes, tears, and many a long regret
For bright eyes that we knew in youth,
  Song echoes we cannot forget.
We may not in love's furnace melt;
  But, still, we're much the same, you know,
Cry quits for all that we have felt
  Of joy and gladness, pain and woe.

Good bye! To-morrow morn I sail,
  Bound for the shore of far Cathay;
'Fore gentle breeze and roaring gale
  My ship will wing her pathless way.
But wheresoever I may be—
  By shining isles that lie asleep
In the blue bosom of the sea—
  Where tropic rivers seek the deep,

Where, o'er wild fields of ice and snow,
  The north wind rushes wild and strong—
Where meadows green their verdure show,
  And robins sing their ringing song—
There will my thoughts and dreams hold place
  For her whose hand now lies in mine,
And I shall see her sunny face,
  And drink her health in sparkling wine.

# Hearts or Coronets.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "THE CURSE OF CARROGWYN," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

"MY lady, the Doctor is here."

Lady Barbara was lying prone on her face on the floor, in the house of poor Lord Mountjoy's steward, to which she had been conveyed. The terrible night was over. Lord Mountjoy's fate had been ascertained without a doubt; he had perished in the flames, and Lady Barbara knew it. There was no longer a cruel delusive hope to make her. The worst had fallen.

It was Lady Barbara's first sorrow, and she bore it badly. It was late in the afternoon of the next day, a bright unclouded summer day, but the sunshine and the brightness were carefully excluded from the chamber in which Lady Barbara lay. Sunshine and brightness as she believed were henceforth shut out of all her life. She was so sick with misery, so overwhelmed with despair, that those about her were at their wits' end to discover how to deal with her.

Dolly was there, sitting in the shadow down on the floor by Lady Barbara's side, her sweet face pale and tear stained, her wavy hair nestled plainly back behind her ears, and her dress shorn of all its little touches of brightness. Dolly was infinitely tender, infinitely sympathetic, and Lady Barbara clung to her. But Dolly had never seen grief like Lady Barbara's and it almost frightened her. She was so powerless in the face of it. If only Max were here! Max was always a tower of strength to Dolly. Just then Max was announced. Dolly stooped down and gently repeated the message.

"The Doctor is here—Max. Will you see him, Lady Barbara?"

Lady Barbara lifted her beautiful languid head and answered—

"Yes."

She had questions to ask—questions which had tortured her through those awful hours, which would torture her for weary months to come. If she could bring her tongue to frame them, they must be answered.

Lady Barbara rose from the floor and sank into a chair, and Dolly slipped away as Max entered, to take the opportunity of preparing with her own hands some refreshment which Lady Barbara might be persuaded to take, if Max would only enforce Dolly's prescription.

So Lady Barbara and Max were alone together. Lady Barbara covered her face for a moment as Max approached. He was so intimately associated with those last days and hours that she could scarcely bear the meeting. Then, as she looked up, she was struck, even through her own misery, with the deadly pallor, the haggard careworn aspect of the young Doctor, and a swift spasm of self-reproach, of something which was like tenderness, seized her. He had suffered thus with and for them came to her through the cloud of her own sorrow. And how had she requited him? She remembered, with a vivid anguish of shame, her hard words of the previous night. *Noblesse oblige*. The Mountjoy blood repudiates alike ingratitude and discourtesy.

There were tears in Lady Barbara's eyes as she turned timidly, humbly to Max.

"Forgive me," she said, in a low broken voice which went to Max's heart—it was so different from the clear ringing tones, the quick, almost imperious utterance of the Lady Barbara of old.

"Forgive you," he stammered—"you!"

"Yes," she answered—"for words which were not mine, but part of the madness of that—that terrible time." She stopped for a moment. "Mr. Peveril, I can never, never forget all I owe you. You did all, and more than all."

"Stop, Lady Barbara," Max broke in, not offering to touch her extended hand; "I cannot let you speak of gratitude to me. The words you spoke last night were less hard to bear than those you have just uttered—because—because they were true, Lady Barbara."

She stared at him, bewildered.

"Lady Barbara, would it make you suffer less to know that Lord Mountjoy died a painless death?"

"How?" she gasped.

"He was dead before the flames reached him."

"How—how do you know?"

"Because"—Max had spoken all through in a hard set tone, as if the words were wrung from him—"because, Lady Barbara, I killed him."

"You!"

Lady Barbara thrilled with a sudden terror. Had he gone mad? Yes, he must be mad. She put out her hands; there was the look on her face which he had pictured to himself all through the long hours of the night—the look of horror, of, as Max read it, aversion—as she shrank from him. Yet Max went on, trampling on his own heart, forcing himself to bear the agony which was like death.

"Listen to me, Lady Barbara," he said. "You must know the truth. The medicine which I brought to Lord Mountjoy, which he must have taken half an hour before the fire broke out, ended his life—painlessly and gently, it is true, but ended it. It was a mistake—no matter whose now. The blame is mine."

"When did you know this?"

She did not doubt his sanity now; after the first shock, there was something in his attitude, in the circumstantial details, which convinced her.

"I discovered it too late," Max answered. "I was on my way to repair the error—to prevent, if it might yet be possible, the medicine from being administered to Lord Mountjoy—when I found that the Hall was on fire."

"And yet you tried to save him?"

"Yes. I might have been in time—I could not be sure."

"And why do you tell me all this now?"

Why? He lifted his head, and his haggard eyes looked full and steadily at Lady Barbara. Why had he told her? That now and for ever they might stand in their true relations to each other—that he might take up, as an honest man, the burden which henceforth he must carry through life. He had given up more than his life in the confession he had just made—a history which no human tongue but his own could have revealed, which, had he chosen, might have been buried in Lord Mountjoy's grave. He had given up every hope, every ambition, every sweetness which might have graced his life. Henceforth his very name must be one of reprobation, where he would fain—— But that way lay madness—a madness justly punished, he thought.

Yet, standing before Lady Barbara as before his judge, waiting for his sentence, he could raise his head, and his heart throbbed with a stern joy. It was all over. All what? He did not ask himself, and he could look her in the face as an honest man.

"Dolly, Dolly!" cried Lady Barbara suddenly, laying her head down upon her arm, "Oh, Dolly, Dolly!"

It was as if she sought comfort and shelter in a new sorrow.

Max passed out, and Dolly, with one swift glance at his wrung face as she saw it in full daylight, hastened to respond to the cry from Lady Barbara.

From that hour Lady Barbara's grief passed into a new phase. All its vehemence, its wild anguish, ceased; she sat for hours or lay on her couch silent, even to faithful, patient Dolly, to whom this dead calm was worse than the passionate storms of the morning, but whose sympathy for both moods was ever ready.

The news of the calamity spread far and near, and friends and neighbors hastened to offer their homes and all they afforded to Lord Mountjoy's daughter. But Lady Barbara would not stir from the shelter to which she had been first brought; she would see no one but Dolly.

"Let me send for some one," Dolly had pleaded, in her ignorance of Lady Barbara's nearest ties and claims; but Lady Barbara only answered—

"There is no one to send for. I had no one in all the world but him. Stay with me Dolly, and let no others come near me."

But Dolly, haunted by Max's look, pleaded at last, as evening came on, that she must go to her brother—he too needed her; and Lady Barbara yielded, only extorting a promise that Dolly would return to her.

"Tell him," she said, lifting her head once, as Dolly stood prepared for departure, "that what passed between him and me this morning must never pass his lips again, to any human being. This is my desire—my command, if necessary. He will recognise that I have the right to command here."

And Dolly, struck with wonder, went her way, bearing her message.

"She is right," was all Max said when he heard it.

And then there was so much to say and do by the brother and sister that Dolly almost forgot her wonder again.

"She must be your first thought," Max said, as he was leaving Dolly at the door of the steward's house. "She is in bitter trouble, Dolly."

"And you?" a sudden impulse made Dolly reply, looking searchingly up into Max's sunken eyes.

Max stooped quickly into the shadow, kissed Dolly, and was gone. And Dolly, torn in two between her duty to her friend and her duty to her brother, cried herself to sleep that night.

On his way home, Max encountered the inspector of police who was in charge of the still smoking ruins.

"It is a strange thing," said the man perplexedly, "but we have not been able to find the valet's body, or any trace of the man—Malan. And yet it is absurd to suppose that he could have escaped; he must have reported himself long ago in that case. And yet—and yet'—he is apparently the only person who could give any account of the origin of the fire. It must have commenced in that part of the house—in Lord Mountjoy's very room most likely."

"The man may have tried to escape, and may have been overtaken by the flames, or suffocated by the smoke in one of the corridors," Max suggested.

"Yes, that is our theory," the inspector answered.

And Max bade him good night, and went on his way.

## CHAPTER VIII.

OH, Max, is this to be the end?

"Yes, Dolly, the end. My darling"—tenderly—"it is hard for you—I know how hard; but I cannot help it, Dolly. You have been the sweetest, dearest—— Whatever I am, whatever may be my fate, the thought of my sweet sister will be the most precious one left to me."

"Oh, Max, must you go?"

"Yes."

The tears were running down her pale cheeks, as she clung about him.

"Max, Max, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!"

The piteous cry went to Max's heart. The days had been heavy for Dolly, as well as for him, of late. The calm, sweet even life, with no events to ruffle it beyond the daily cares and pleasures, seemed put back into illimitable distance, bridged over as it was by such terrible overwhelming experiences. Was there ever a time when wild stories of passion and of sorrow did not sweep over the little home where Dolly and he had been so happy?

Dolly's flowers were languishing on their stems now, and Dolly's sweet face was downcast and tear stained itself, like a drooping flower. And all Max's world was devastated as by a whirlwind—all his fair flowers of hope were uprooted. The "end," as Dolly called it, had come indeed; the end of his life, Max felt, at that moment had come. And yet, only just now, Sir Lomax had written to offer his favorite pupil an appointment in connection with himself which sealed Max's future prospects. And, to Dolly's intense disappointment and surprise, Max had rejected the splendid prospect.

He stood before Dolly now, to announce to her that he had volunteered for the perilous service of the Franco Prussian ambulances—had volunteered and been accepted! Thus, when his home prospects were fairest—when poor Dolly's dreams were on the very point of being realised! How could Dolly understand it?

"It will break my heart!" she sobbed.

There was a look in Max's wrung face which said, "It has broken mine;" and, seeing it, Dolly hushed her sobs.

"Max—Sir Lomax's offer—is it quite too late?" she whispered with a last despairing attempt to move him.

"Yes, quite too late, Dolly. My appointment has come"—he pointed to the Red Cross. "I could not draw back now if I would. I would not if I could."

"And Sir Lomax?"

"I have written to tell him."

Dolly gave a long gasping sigh and dried her tears. She would not give way again until Max was gone, the brave little soul determined; and there was so much to do and to think of for him, she would restrain her feelings and strengthen the resolution which had evidently cost Max himself so much. Yet why—why? Oh, if she could but understand it all!

The enlightenment came before Max left.

It was all over before this decision of Max's was made—the funeral—that last sad service rendered to the loved and lost—and the inquest—sadder still. The new Lord Mountjoy had come down, and a string of relatives more or less distant. They had sympathised with Lady Barbara, who still maintained her strict seclusion; they had inspected and lamented over the blackened ruin which represented the greater portion of Clavering House. The eastern end of the fine old building remained; but most of the valuable old relics, pictures, tapestry, etc., had been either burned or destroyed by water or hasty removal. Lady Barbara's own rooms had been in the western wing, and her personal treasures were all gone with the rest.

"I am glad of it," she said to Dolly. "If I cannot have him I do not care to keep anything else. Let all go together. Oh, Dolly," she wailed, "we have always been together—papa and I! Ever since I was a little child so high"—measuring her hand from the floor—"we have been alone together in the world. I do not know how to live without him!"

So she would bewail herself, laying her head in Dolly's lap, and Dolly would coo soft loving words over her and gently soothe her back to quietness; and, in spite of all the efforts made by relatives and friends, Lady Barbara, even now that all was over, would not leave the neighborhood of her old home.

"Barbara was always a self-willed girl"—old Lady Todhunter—Lord Mountjoy's half-sister—said, shrugging her cape clad shoulders, as the new Lord Mountjoy handed her into the train on her return from an unsuccessful mission to her impracticable niece. "She was always self-willed, and poor Mountjoy encouraged her in it. I have done my duty, at all events, and when she is disposed to come to me I shall be prepared, as I told her, to receive her. In the meantime I suppose she must be left to her own extraordinary arrangements. If she had only married, as I advised, before all this happened!"

Young Lord Mountjoy said nothing; perhaps he had his own views about his cousin's settlement in life. He saw old Lady Todhunter off, and then he went off to assist in the explorations of the ruins. Every day the men engaged in the task of removing the rubbish hoped to discover the remains of Lord Mountjoy's valet, who had perished with him, and every day the expectation was unfulfilled; no trace of the man was found.

And now poor Dolly, who had been such a faithful comforter to her friend, needed comfort for herself. Max's last day was come. Dolly had told Lady Barbara of her trouble, and Lady Barbara had listened to the story in absolute silence—cold unresponsive silence.

"Sorrow is apt to make one a little selfish," poor little Dolly thought, with a swelling heart still loyal to her friend; "and Lady Barbara's grief is too new and too bitter to leave room for other thoughts." But Dolly felt very lonely as she went away to spend the last precious hours with Max.

* * * * *

"Cousin Estell will come to you as soon as you like then, Dolly," Max said, making his final arrangements. "She has written most kindly. She will give up her own home and join you here until—until I return. She will be a companion as well as a protector for you. I could not leave you in better hands. Cousin Estell is a good woman."

"Yes, Max," allowed Dolly soberly, her heart swelling at the thought of cousin Estell in Max's place.

"And, Dolly, I leave one hundred pounds in the bank in your name. I have explained it all to you. And Evans is instructed to pay the dividends to you. Cousin Estell insists upon sharing expenses, and I hope to send to you regularly. I do not think you will be in any difficulty."

"Oh, no, Max! I have more than enough."

Then there was a long silence. Max was busy, and Dolly was afraid to speak lest the rebel tears should start.

"Dolly," said Max presently, stooping over the straps of his portmanteau, "does she—does Lady Barbara know?"

"I told her, Max."

"She had no—no commission for me—no instructions of any kind?"

Those refractory straps would not buckle. Dolly came forward to help.

"I told her, Max, and she—she——"

Dolly hesitated. How was she to explain to Max the chill which Lady Barbara's lack of sympathy had caused her? The subject was almost too sore for Dolly to touch, so grievously wounded had she been. And yet Max was waiting; he seemed to expect her to finish her sentence. Dolly was startled, as she looked up, to see the eager, hungry look in his eyes—a sort of burning look, as if he would draw the words out of her mouth.

"She—she?" he repeated.

At that moment Dolly's hands touched his on the straps, and Dolly absolutely started at the contact; Max's hands were icy cold—they were trembling too; no wonder he could not draw the straps.

"She?" he demanded again of Dolly, who was trembling too now with the shock of a great discovery—a discovery so stupendous to Dolly that it was a fitting sequence to all the strange events which had thronged Dolly's life of late.

Max dropped the portmanteau and walked away to the window; and Dolly, dropping upon her knees, hid her face against the still unfastened straps.

This was what was sending Max away—

to his death perhaps! All was clear as day to Dolly now.

"Max—my poor, poor Max!" was all that Dolly could think coherently, as she knelt there—one moment breathless at the magnitude of Max's aspirations, the next indignant at their failure.

For Dolly was very angry, as in such case the woman belonging to the man always is with the other woman. Lady Barbara had taken, poor indignant Dolly thought, service of hand and heart—ambition, love, happiness—perhaps life itself—and she had given him nothing back, nothing but scorn and disdain, as jealous Dolly, mindful of the story Lady Barbara had told her upon that evening in the picture gallery, too surely guessed. Such was the cruel creed of Lady Barbara's rank, as Dolly knew. Little had Dolly thought, whilst her heart had spoken for that other victim, that Max—her own Max—was to be another sacrifice to that creed!

A great flood of anger, of love and of pity, swelled in poor Dolly as she knelt there with her face hidden. And some of the pity was for herself—for her utter loneliness. For at the same moment Dolly was losing both her brother and her friend.

Max came back from the window presently, and lifted her up in his arms from the floor.

"My poor Dolly!" was all he said.

And what could Dolly say?

In another hour he was gone; and Dolly drew down the little blinds to shut out the light—as if there had been a death in the house—and sat down in the darkness, all alone. Her tearful handmaidens did not venture to disturb her until hours later, when a message came from Lady Barbara. But even Lady Barbara's message failed, for the first time, as the half frightened maids found, to move her. She sat in the shaded room, without food or speech, until the daylight faded, and then she crept upstairs to her bed, and lay with her face turned to the wall, and all the spirit and courage gone out of her. Dolly had never felt anything like that blank annihilation before. She believed her heart was broken.

## CHAPTER IX.

DOLLY awoke from the deep sleep of utter exhaustion and misery, to find a golden head pillowed against hers.

"Dolly," spoke Lady Barbara, in a tone which thrilled through the anger and the sorrow in the girl's heart, "we are both alone now; let us help each other to bear our lives. Give me a place in your home, dear; you know I have no home of my own now. We are both in trouble, Dolly; and we love each other."

In a moment Dolly was sobbing in Lady Barbara's arms. All her anger melted away before the pathos of that appeal, all the old charm and fascination which Lady Barbara had been wont to exercise over her reasserting themselves, only with a tender difference; for there was something—Dolly could not tell what—which she had never known in Lady Barbara before, something which poor angry Dolly could not resist. Could she have been cruel—this tender clinging woman, who had learned all sweet Dolly's own lessons of soothing and comforting? At that moment Dolly did not believe it. Lady Barbara had never seen—she had never guessed. Poor, poor Max! So Dolly's faithful heart turned back again to its rest. Lady Barbara was in trouble; she was alone, and Max loved her—all arguments of irresistible power.

Lady Todhunter shook her head over "this new freak of Barbara's;" but nobody interfered. Lady Barbara's relatives were a little afraid of her, and interference with her had always been an ungracious and an unsuccessful task. Young Lord Mountjoy even vindicated his cousin's action.

"She clings naturally to the old place," he said; "and just now, in her deep mourning, you know, it is quiet and retired down there. It seems to me the arrangement is not a bad one."

And young Lord Mountjoy had better opportunities of judging than anybody else, for the work of rebuilding the Hall brought him constantly into the neighborhood; and his relationship gave him the right of *entrée* at the little cottage, from which the world in general was excluded.

Cousin Estell was at first a little dismayed at the unexpected addition to the household; but she was a gentle hearted sympathetic old lady, and she accepted the position without demur, and with a warming of her kind heart towards the sad beautiful woman who made herself so quietly one in their simple home life, and whose great sorrow Mrs. Estell treated with a tender reverence.

So the first sorrowful weeks wore away, and the golden summer came to its full height. News came from Max, good news, which revived Dolly's drooping heart. And by and-by his name was often noticed in the newspapers as that of one of the bravest and most devoted of the devoted band of men whose mission on the field of battle was to save and not to kill.

Dolly's eyes would sparkle, and her heart beat, when she read the words which honored her hero, or when cousin Estell, in proud joy, proclaimed them aloud. And Dolly would watch wistfully, for Max's sake, for some look or sign from Lady Barbara, and always in vain. Lady Barbara had shared her friend's grief, but she had no part in her pride and joy. Seeing her so cold and uninterested, some of the old indignation would rise in Dolly's breast, and her pride would carry itself against Lady Barbara, and her lips close on the next news from Max. Yet in all else the two young women were very close to each other.

There was some one, though, who was not as indifferent as Lady Barbara to Max's success. Young Lord Mountjoy brought all the papers in which honorable mention was made of the young Doctor, and gathered together with such sedulous care every scrap of information which concerned him or the corps to which he was attached, that Dolly was ever grateful to him, until a jealous doubt as to what all this might betoken began to creep in and to poison it all. Why should Lord Mountjoy, whose acquaintance with Max was of the slightest, show so much interest in his career? Why but because news of Max gave him an excuse for access to Lady Barbara!

Dolly, looking from her window to where Lady Barbara and her cousin stood together at the garden fence, all hung now with blood red roses and pale tangles of sweet scented clematis, thrilled through and through with the indignant pain of her discovery. It was a monstrous thing that Lord Mountjoy should come with that pretence, of all others, to reach Lady Barbara! And Dolly, in her jealous fever for Max, sickened as she recognized how exactly suitable the whole thing would be, and how possible—nay, how sure—Dolly's poor throbbing heart said, it was that Lady Barbara would wake up out of her sorrow by-and by, and turn in her loneliness to this refuge. There was a charm, too, about the frank, open-hearted young man which reluctant Dolly acknowledged to be irresistible. He was like a gleam of sunlight in the gloom of those days; his considerate thoughtfulness in all the difficult and delicate complications which arose from his peculiar relations towards his cousin marked a generous and lovable nature, to which Lady Barbara could hardly remain insensible. How could it fail to come to pass? Dolly thought, in her despair.

And, as if her thought had been infectious, cousin Estell came and leaned over her shoulder at the window, and whispered brightly—

"It will come right in time, Dolly. And could anything be happier, for her and him? He will give her back so much that she has lost—so much that her heart clings to still, and all the family will be glad. And she is so lonely, poor dear! Heaven take care of us all, Dolly."

"And Max!" Dolly said to herself, with the first touch of bitter cynicism which had ever clouded her warm young heart. "Who takes care of Max?"

Lady Barbara was standing at the fence, with her long sable skirts thrown over one arm, and her fair swan-like neck bent as she looked down upon Brownie, Max's now superannuated horse. He had come whinnying up to be fed, as usual, from her hand. She was a noble figure as she stood there, with her sad face softening at the animal's pleasure; and Lord Mountjoy seemed to think so, as he leaned against the trunk of a spreading acacia-tree close by and watched her.

"Such a handsome couple!" cousin Estell pronounced; and Dolly turned away, sick at heart of the certainty of the thing. Even cousin Estell could see it; it was no jealous or morbid fancy of Dolly's own.

Lord Mountjoy came in presently, following Lady Barbara across the lawn, and in at the drawing-room window. He had a great splendid bunch of roses in his hand, cut from the Clavering gardens and he laid them down on Dolly's work table. Cousin Estell went into raptures over the flowers; but Dolly said nothing. To tell the truth, their perfume made her faint. She pushed them aside. When Mrs. Estell laid them down again, she could bear it no longer; they seemed to make her an accomplice in this treachery towards Max.

"We have been wondering, Miss Peveril," Lord Mountjoy said, unconscious of the slight to his gift, "whether your horse would carry a lady. I have been trying to persuade my cousin to ride again. Her horse is eating his head off in the stable there; and, if you could trust yourself——"

To ride Brownie—Max's Brownie—in order that she might play propriety for Lord Mountjoy and Lady Barbara! Dolly could only shake her head; she was speechless with indignation.

"Pardon me," Lord Mountjoy spoke in a low tone as he bent towards her.

He thought he understood. Brownie was a sacred animal, to be kept in clover and in idleness until his master should return. Lord Mountjoy had fully grasped the situation, and was abusing himself, mentally, in round terms for his awkwardness. He threw a good deal of penitence into his manner too. But no penitence could win a smile or even a look from Dolly that afternoon. Lady Barbara too had fallen into one of the sadly-absorbed reveries which were usual with her now, and Lord Mountjoy had no excuse to prolong his visit. Mrs. Estell indeed begged him to wait for a cup of tea; but Dolly did not second the invitation, and Lady Barbara did not hear it, and the young man was fain to take his leave.

"The poor roses," cousin Estell exclaimed, picking them out of the tea-tray in the hall, as she came down stairs arrayed for dinner in her sober gray silk and lace mob-cap—"the poor roses! Why, you forgot to put them in water, Dolly, and they are all drooping and faded! I doubt whether I can revive them now. And they were so beautiful!"

"Never mind," said Dolly quickly. "I gave them to Marian to put away. We have flowers enough about the room, cousin Estell."

"But these," Mrs. Estell was beginning, and then she checked herself.

She understood it now. It was Dolly's care for Lady Barbara. The flowers from the Clavering gardens might be painful, in all their beauty, to Lady Barbara's sad eyes. Mrs. Estell carried them carefully and put them out of sight. Better that the most magnificent *Rise d Or* or delicate *Perle de Lyons* should wither and die, or waste their sweetness on the air of the kitchen regions, than that one pang of untoward remembrance should be added to Lady Barbara's suffering. Mrs. Estell even took upon herself to give Lord Mountjoy a quiet hint when he came in a day or two later, his hands full of fresh flowers. And after that Dolly's vases and baskets were filled only with the blossoms from her own garden.

Lord Mountjoy occupied rooms at the steward's house now, the affairs at Clavering requiring his personal supervision, he said; and he was always at hand to render thoughtful service, to break the monotony of the life at the Gurton cottage, and to brighten the sad days infinitely, as Dolly, setting herself with all her strength against the fact, hated, yet was forced to admit.

And what was come to Dolly—sweet bright little Dolly, with her wise practical ways, her high faith in the noble and the true, her loving care for all about her? She had grown fitful and capricious, the sweet tenderness of her nature had caught a strain of bitterness strange and new to it. She had changed too in her ways; her dark eyes had grown larger, and burned with a feverish fire; her face was pinched and pale; it was as if some hidden disease preyed upon her.

"She is fretting after Max," cousin Estell decided. "And no wonder, poor darling! They were all in all to each other, and I can never understand how Max could see it right to leave his sister and go off after a strange foreign duty. It will be the death of the poor child if anything goes wrong with him."

And Mrs. Estell, being of a communicative and sympathetic character, discussed her anxieties with Lord Mountjoy, for lack of other audience at hand it must be presumed, and enlisted his sympathies also on Dolly's side.

The change in Dolly aroused even Lady Barbara. She, casting about for the cause, came to a conclusion which would rather have astonished Dolly; and, whether it was that conclusion, or that, the first benumbing stage of a great sorrow having passed away, the aching pains and feverish unrest which succeeded to it, urged Lady Barbara to movement, and made the still life of Gurton unendurable to her, the next news from Lady Barbara made Lady Todhunter throw up her hands and exclaim—

"Of all Barbara's freaks this is the worst, the most unconscionable! To go abroad when the Continent is in an uproar, and Paris not safe from one day to another! Nobody but a madwoman, or Barbara, would have dreamt of it! And with such a suite too! The young country person"—that was how Lady Todhunter designated Dolly—"and her mother or aunt, people who have probably never crossed the Channel before in their lives, and will be worse than useless! Well, I wash my hands of the whole affair. Barbara must take the responsibility of her own ill-advised actions. I have written to tell her my opinion, and I have requested Mountjoy to remonstrate. And I have done my duty," the irresponsible lady concluded.

And, notwithstanding, Lady Barbara went to Paris at the end of the August of that memorable year, and Dolly went with her. And—but that was probably what neither of the two ladies intended—Lord Mountjoy preceded them by twelve hours on the Boulogne boat.

## CHAPTER X.

"GREGOIRE, Gregoire, *qu'est-ce que c'est?* What is that noise in the street—that noise?" raising her voice as if deafness were the only reason why the French man-servant, the factotum of the small household, and she could not communicate freely with each other. "Something must have happened, and *miladi* and ma'm'selle are out. *Sortie*, you know! Oh, what can it be?" ejaculated poor Mrs. Estell distracted between her ignorance of the French language and her anxiety at the tumultuous sounds which rose up from the street below.

Gregoire's head and shoulders, which had been thrust out of the window at a perilous angle, were suddenly withdrawn; he showed a white face between the lace curtains; he clenched and unclenched his hands as he literally sprang across the room in his excitement.

"What news! What frightful news!" he gesticulated in his voluble, but, to Mrs. Estell, utterly incomprehensible French. "All is lost! France is ruined! The Emperor has surrendered! These monsters of Prussians are coming; they are on the road already! Madame, escape, escape!" he wound up with a culminating shriek, dancing up and down before Mrs. Estell, to her extreme terror.

"My good Gregoire, my good man," she remonstrated in trembling accents, retreating before his excited advance, "calm yourself, for Heaven's sake, and tell me what is the matter! Is the house on fire? Tell me the truth at once, Gregoire! I can bear it—anything is better than suspense. What—is—the—matter?" very deliberately.

"For me, I stay and fight for *la Patrie!*" Gregoire went on, smiting his breast dramatically. "It is over my bleeding body that the coward invader enters these doors! But for *ces dames*, who are English——"

"Thank Heaven!" Mrs. Estell breathed devoutly, as the door of the *salon* opened, and Dolly and Lady Barbara, escorted by Lord Mountjoy, appeared on the threshold. "Now I shall be able to understand what has happened. Gregoire has gone crazy, I think, and cannot express himself intelligibly. What, for mercy's sake, does it all mean?"

"The army has capitulated at Sedan; the Emperor has surrendered. Paris is mad!" Lady Barbara responded, pouring out the astounding news which electrified Europe at the end of that memorable September. "Paris has risen *en masse*. Come to the window and see."

Lady Barbara's cheeks glowed with excitement—the near approach of something like danger had roused the dormant spirit of the Mountjoys.

"The Prussians will march right on to Paris," Lord Mountjoy said. "I have seen the telegrams. Our representative advises all the English to quit the city at once. As soon as the excitement is a little over, I will make arrangements for you."

"What—quit Paris—just when Paris is something more than a big bazaar, or an animated doll's house! Go back to England and——" Lady Barbara stopped, and filled up the blank to herself. "Eat my heart out again! No," she went on. "I intend to see the entrance of the Prussians. Do you think I would miss a grand historical drama like that, Arthur?"

Lord Mountjoy looked very grave.

"It is impossible, Barbara, he said. "You do not realise what it will be. Even now this is no place for ladies." He pointed down to the tumultuous surging mass of excited human beings in the crowded street. "Let me provide for your safety before things get worse." He spoke to Lady Barbara, but his eyes were fixed on Dolly.

"I remain with Lady Barbara." Dolly made her election quietly.

"Mrs. Estell, will you avail yourself of my cousin's escort back to England? My maid must go; she is in tears at this moment, and has almost reproached me for bringing her here. We can find some French girl, no doubt. And Gregoire's patriotism, to say nothing else, secures him. We shall do very well," Lady Barbara concluded confidently, with her hand on Dolly's shoulder.

"If you and Dolly remain, I shall not leave you," Mrs. Estell pronounced with trembling decision.

"Nor I," said Lord Mountjoy. "But, Barbara——"

"Don't remonstrate," interrupted Barbara. "It will do no good, and may provoke—one of us," she added.

But Lord Mountjoy did remonstrate.

"It is a great responsibility," he said.

"I am not afraid of it," Lady Barbara rejoined. "We will hang the English flag from the windows. Dolly, can we improvise a Union Jack? Let us set to work at once."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FOOD OF THE HUMMING BIRD.—The food of the humming bird has been a matter of much controversy. All the early writers down to Buffon believed that they lived solely on the nectar of flowers; but since that time every close observer of their habits maintains that they feed largely, and to a great extent wholly, on insects. Azara observed them on the La Plata, in winter, taking insects out of the webs of spiders at a time and place where there were no flowers. Bullock, in Mexico, declares that he saw them catch small butterflies, and that he found many kinds of insects in their stomachs. Waterton made a similar statement. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of specimens have been dissected by collecting naturalists, and in almost every instance their stomachs have been found full of insects, sometimes, but not generally, mixed with a proportion of honey. Many of them, in fact, may be seen catching gnats and other small insects just like fly catchers, sitting on a dead twig over water, darting off for a time in the air, and then returning to the twig. Others come out just at dusk, and remain on the twig, now stationary, now darting about with the greatest rapidity, imitating in a limited space the evolutions of the goatsuckers, and evidently for the same end and purpose.

### SONNET.

BY S. K. PHILLIPS.

Forever in the dark our pathway lies;
Dull, gray, and sombre, hang the clouds above;
Behind, beyond, on either side, they move,
The happy, sporting under kindred skies,
With laughing lips, and shining fearless eyes,
And tones that ring secure in pride and love,
Through lives that only pass their joy to prove,
With granted hopes and answered sympathies.
For us, poor, narrow, circumscribed the path,
No genial glow, no power to aid or bless,
But just existence, till the voice of Death
Calls us away from want and weariness.
Ah, did the shadow show less dark and chill,
How should we *know* the sun behind the hill?

## First and Last of Sambo.

BY JULIA H. TORREY.

SAMBO gave the world a yelping greeting this very last spring; therefore, it may not seem possible that he could have lived long enough to have had a history.

But in this short time he has lived and died; and how he lived, and how he died, I, who have often patted his little black head, will now relate.

He should have been of a meek and lowly disposition, for he rolled out of nowhere into somewhere, way down in the cellar of a small, plain house.

His mother, Lady Flora, thought it best that he should first open his eyes on the dark side of the world, so that when the brightness and sunshine of life should come to him, it would seem all the brighter from the contrast to the dark introduction which she considered best to give him.

For ten days this little baby dog, with his brother and sister, lay contentedly in their basket house, not daring to open their eyes until they were sure that they were really big enough to be alive.

Sometimes, during those ten days, he would hear such queer sounds around him, and something so soft and gentle would raise him out of his nest—much to his mother's displeasure—and then gently put him back again in what seemed to be the very same spot.

He often wondered what made the queer sounds, and wished he could see what it was that crept so softly over his back, and rested so gently on his head. He would try very hard to open his eyes to see what it all meant.

But they would not open for a long time, and he was beginning to think this a great dark, black world, and to wonder what he had come into it for, when one day, as the queer noises entered his small ears and made them sting with curiosity, he felt his eyelids tingle and tremble, and when the soft things gently touched his head and crept down his back, the tingling and trembling increased so much that almost before he knew what he was doing he was staring around with two little round black eyes, and taking his first glimpse of humanity in the shape of two little English girls, Fannie and Maggie, whose voices had been the queer sounds this wondering wee dog had heard, and whose little hands had been the "soft things" that had taken such liberties with his head and smooth fat back.

Seeing that the children looked harmless, the small eyes blinked at them in a friendly way, and then retired under their lids, playing "hide and seek" with the world, until they became used to the subdued light of their cellar home.

After getting accustomed to the light, the next thing this little dog and his brother and sister tried to do was to find out what those four short sticks were good for that were fastened on to the little fat bodies, that were so inclined to go wiggletty wiggle.

Several persevering attempts led them to the wise conclusion that the sticks were made to walk through the world with.

By this time the little fellows had learned for what use the different parts of their rollicking bodies were. First, they learned the mouth was to take things in, that made them feel very nice inside; that the ears took in the noises the world made; the eyes, the sights in the world; the sticks were to carry them over the world; and they learned that the tails were their laughing joints, for when they felt pleased the feeling would creep through them and switch itself off in a wag of the tail.

So they felt the wisdom of their being, and were ready to become better acquainted with the world.

It was with a feeling of wonder and delight, one day, that they saw Maggie and Fannie lift them up, basket and all, and carry them out of the dark cellar—where only a streak or two of light could come—up stairs and out into the broad sunshine.

How surprised they looked at the bigness of the world, and their own littleness!

They thought to themselves:—"We must be somebody important to be allowed such a foothold on the earth. Why, Fannie and Maggie have only two feet, and we have four! Won't we make them run to keep up with us!"

They frolicked and frisked about, rolled over each other, and were as happy as little dogs could be.

One day there was a great scampering. Fannie caught up two of the dogs and Maggie the other, and then, with three playmates, called in as "witnesses," they all ran to the pump.

"Now," said Fannie, "puppies, do you know what this means?"

They all looked bewildered, so she explained:

"It means that you are about to be baptized; that is, to have a name of your own. We all have to come to it. We children were not allowed to wait as long as you have, but were taken, some of us, even before we could creep—but not to the pump!" with a laugh, in which the other children's voices mingled.

"Hattie, you do the pumping please; and Mamie, as you are the biggest and wisest, won't you name them?"

"O, Fannie!" said Mamie, "let's ask Miss Terry to do that. There she is now, at the window, laughing. Miss Terry, won't you be the baptismist, and give these 'no-name' things a title?"

"Certainly," called out Miss Terry, a merry young lady of mature years, and the next moment she had joined them.

Holding one of the frisky little dogs ready for a sprinkling, she said:—

"Don't pump too much, Hattie—just a little stream."

Then the water came with a splash. Under went a nameless dog, and came out a "Romeo."

"Mine next, Miss Terry, please," excitedly exclaimed Maggie.

There was another splash, a dash under the pump, and a "Juliet" followed the footsteps of her Romeo.

"Now, you little black chap," said Miss Terry, taking the last of the "no-name" series in her hand, "you are so very black and so meek looking, that—pump, Hattie—you shall be—'Sambo.'"

Sambo, after the manner of his brother and sister, gave a little snort as the water would sputter into his nose, then ran off to play and get dry in the sunshine.

"It was very amusing to hear the children call, "Romeo! Romeo!" and when he would come prancing towards them, "Where's Juliet and Sambo?"

At first the little dogs were bewildered, and hardly knew which was one, which the other, and which they were themselves. But it did not take them long to feel the honor of a name pressing down upon them; and it pressed so hard that it forced its way so deep into the brain of each that it staid there, and each answered promptly to its own name.

There was no more confusion, and a pity it is there was not an opportunity for confusion long, as Juliet was given away to a little boy away down the other end of town, and Romeo was so down-hearted about being deprived of his pet playfellow, Juliet, that he tumbled into a barrel of rain-water and drowned himself and his sorrows together.

Sambo would run away from home and go to see Mamie so often, that one day Fannie said to her:—

"Mamie, you may have Sambo. I'll give him to you if you'll give me fifty cents to buy myself a doll instead. She would stay properly at home."

Mamie was so delighted that she ran home immediately, and between gasps of excitement told her mamma how fifty cents would make Sambo her own, all her own little dog, putting out her hand eagerly in the telling, and then drawing it back, as if to be patient till mamma should say yes or no

"Would you rather have Sambo than the little kitchen I've been thinking of getting for your doll?" asked mamma. "I should like very much to have you have both, dear, but I cannot just now," smoothing back the ruffled hair and kissing the flushed, excited face

"O, mamma! Sambo is alive, and I can hug him, and squeeze and love him. I can teach him tricks and everything, while the kitched would be just the same always, and never a bit alive. I want Sambo, mamma."

"Very well, dear. I am glad you have chosen the frisky little fellow. Here is your fifty cents."

"Oh, thank you mamma, dear!"

Running back as fast as she could, Mamie kept saying to herself, laughing, and almost crying, she was so glad, "Sambo is my own little dog, all my own."

"Here, Fannie," she exclaimed, in eager haste, "here's fifty cents, and where's Sambo? May I take him now?"

"Of course you may, for you own him now, and I'm going to have a beautiful doll instead."

"Come, Sambo," called Mamie, gleefully, "come to your mother Mamie—she'll teach you lots of pretty things to do, that dolls can't do," in a whisper, close to his ear.

And Mamie did teach him so much that he was called A. B. C. Sambo by all the children around.

He was taught good manners, too. He would shake hands with people in the most polite way, and then too, he would scold and growl whenever Mamie wished him to appear in a ruffled state of mind. If he did not scold hard enough, she would shake him a little, and say:—

"Harder, Sambo, harder!" till he would growl and snap, and seem to be almost dangerous.

But an approving pat, and "That will do, Sambo, I couldn't have scolded better myself," would set his tail wagging after the fashion of the best natured dog that ever wagged a tail.

Mamie had a pretty yellow zephyr ball which she had taught Sambo to run after and catch when she threw it into the air. First the ball would fly, then Sambo after it. Catching it and bounding back with it, he would drop it in Mamie's lap, wag his tail, and say, "Bow-wow," which Mamie knew meant, "What fun!"

Many a game of "catch and toss" these two enjoyed together.

But something dreadful happened one day when Mamie was at school.

Sambo had found a hen-coop full of little yellow chickens, and thinking what fun it would be to play catch with them, he ran after them, knocked them down with his paws, rolled them over and over until they looked so like his zephyr ball that he would catch them between his teeth, and holding them tight there, run home, thinking to put them in Mamie's lap.

He did this for several days, when Mamie was not at home to receive them, but in the school-room up the hill.

At last, when she was at home, and he came up with a wag of his tail and dropped one in her lap, all bruises, stiff and dead, Mamie looked at it in horrified silence a moment, and then said:—

"Sambo! Sambo! this isn't our zephyr ball—it's a dear little chickie, and you've killed it. No, no, Sambo—naughty Sambo!" when he would have taken it and frolicked with it as he *did* with the ball; "where did you get it, sir? Show me!"

With a shamed look, yet knowing what was meant, Sambo led the way, slowly at first, and then darting on as fast as his four feet could carry him, he was at the chicken-coop again, rushing after the little live balls.

Mamie hurried as fast as her two feet would let her, but before she reached the spot there was a flash of light, a bang—and Sambo, with a piteous wail, jumped into the air, then fell down upon the ground. He was only alive long enough to see the sorrowful face, all wet and quivering, of poor Mamie, as she bent over him, crying:—

"O, Sambo! Sambo! my dear, dear little Sambo!"

Then seeing a large boy near, with a gun over his shoulder, she turned upon him and exclaimed:—

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy! Papa would have paid you for every chickie that Sambo played to death—besides, chickies can hatch out any time, and there can never be another Sambo."

Crying as if her heart would break, she picked Sambo up, and sobbing as she went along, carried him home and buried him in the garden.

While she was still there, the cruel boy came up to her and said:—

"I'm very sorry, little girl, but pa told me to shoot that dog. He had killed eleven of our little chicks, and we live on chicken profits. But you shall have another dog, if you won't cry any more. We've got some nice little ones at home—I'll bring you one now. I don't like to see you cry so hard. Won't you stop?"

"I'll try to s stop," Mamie almost choked out, "but I loved Sambo so much."

Mamie tried very hard to dry her tears. The boy looked sorrowfully and repentantly down upon her. It seemed to pain his very heart to see those slow tears dropping and dropping over the pretty round cheeks.

He turned suddenly away, and when he returned, carrying a beautiful cream-colored dog in his arms, Mamie was brushing the tears bravely away.

"There, little girl! he's as nice a chap as I should want," depositing it in Mamie's lap.

"O, thank you very much," cried Mamie. "I know now your heart is kind if your hand was cruel, and I'll forgive you and teach this little fellow everything that Sambo knew, except playing with yellow zephyr balls."

"All right!" heartily exclaimed the boy; "let's shake hands and be friends."

The next instant a little white hand was clasped with honest fervor by a great brown one, while the little dog, who seemed to understand that he was a "peace offering," licked the united hands, as if to seal the compact.

So we will leave him to make Mamie's heart glad again

NAMING THE BABY.—A Pittsburg paper says: "A man who has worked for Lewis, Oliver & Phillips for fifteen years, wanted to name his new baby 'Lewis, Oliver & Phillips.' His wife objected, but the husband was obdurate, and the wife finally left home, and will not return unless the husband will yield. He says he will not think of giving it up.

The Kremlin at Moscow was set on fire in broad daylight on the 19th of July, a wooden staircase having been saturated with petroleum. In five hours the flames were extinguished, but the damage is considerable. Red flags were displayed on the church towers, the tocsin was sounded, and the whole population hurried to the rescue, but the palace was only saved after great exertion.

### THE HORSE IN LITERATURE.

TO go no further back than the Trojan war, the capacity of the horse for solving difficulties—more particularly those phases reflected in light literature—has always been of the most marked character. To the author, paper is most essential, and either pen or pencil indispensable in the development of his conceptions, but none of the two in bringing the plot to perfection can be compared in real importance to his friend—the horse.

It is a peculiarity of most novels that hero and heroine should be total strangers to each other up to a certain point. It would seem that previous acquaintance or association might lessen their relative attractiveness. How this idea ever originated, or whether it is a notion indigenous to stories, is hard to say. But the fact remains that if they are brought together by any of the ordinary methods of civilization, the course of their love will pall upon the reader, ere it fairly gets a start.

Here, then, enter into play the remarkable abilities and assistance of the horse. True, as a medium of introduction he must compete with precipices over which one or the other lover tumbles; oceans or rivers in which either may be nearly drowned; railroad accidents that poetically slice off enough anatomy to harm without maiming; but, as these have a certain prosaic element clinging to them, they are rarely much in demand, and only then even when too active service has in a measure reduced the steed to helplessness.

And it must be said that whenever called upon to stand sponsor for a sudden affection, the horse generally plays his part well. There is just sufficient energy in his fright, his untamed wildness, his curvetting, or other particular demonstration, to achieve the end desired, and nothing more. With what critical intelligence he throws the pale-faced heroine at the very spot where the hero is standing! How nicely he adjusts the violence of the shock so as to give the handsome young man an excuse for holding her to his bosom, when she slowly opens her violet eyes and asks "Where am I?" If there was nought else in the horse deserving of praise, these characteristics themselves would exhaust commendation.

Another merit in this animal, considered as an agent of Cupid in the affairs of the romantic world, is the various ways in which he may be made available. In the before-mentioned matter of falling from a rock, to be found by the susceptible hero or heroine, there is a sameness that soon grows monotonous. This is likewise true of the going-down-for-the-last-time process 'neath the treacherous waves, when the hero with his best suit on dives in and effects a rescue. There is such a marked lack of variety in these phases of meeting, that the mind frequently rises in its wrath and demands the permanent pulverising or submerging of one of them, to restore the current of its tranquility.

With the horse, however, these objections do not exist. The judgment always acknowledges the propriety of its appearance or agency, be the circumstances what they may. Whether "a solitary horseman is seen riding along the mountain side;" whether "a pair of beautiful bays driven by a lovely girl," are cantering on the highway; whether "a maiden, evidently of noble birth, and with streaming hair, is being carried along to destruction by the high spirited coal-black steeds," or whatever be the forms in which he is introduced, there is not a particle at which the soul revolts. Had the horse been specially created for the use of novelists and story writers, we must confess there could not be a better adaptation of means to an end.

Of the untold millions that live in the pages of fiction, how many must attribute their happiness to the horse! Ignorant of each other's existence; in body perhaps a few miles apart, but in spirit an infinite distance, myriads might have remained so until their dying day, but for his generous interference. Had the horse not taken into his head to run away at that particular moment, to throw its rider at that particular spot to be tenderly raised and cared for by that particular youth or lady, Romance might live almost a loveless desert or unpeopled void.

It is besides another tribute to the capacity of the horse, that within himself reside all the requirements for the most complicated situation. It may be, indeed, there are extraordinary features attending rolling down a mountain, or being swept away by the ocean, that it cannot hope to rival, but these are very few. Where the circumstances require that the hero shall "bound from jutting crag to crag in his horrible descent" the horse is powerless; and where the maiden is needs obliged to "wave one white arm in agony as she is gradually sucked into the yawning waste of waters," the waves have an advantage; but in all that is graceful and picturesque in the accomplishing of necessary results, without having either to unduly pulverize the hero or exhaust the heroine, the horse undoubtedly takes the precedence.

P. HENRY DOYLE.

### SHADOWS.

BY CARMEN.

Twilight shadows deeper grow,
They touch the mountains tipped with snow;
They cast a sombre mantle o'er the valley,
And bid the pilgrim soul to tarry,
For night draws nigh.

Shadows lurking everywhere.
Some bring sorrow and despair;
Some the saddened soul oppress,
Some the weary soul will rest,
As night draws nigh.

Sweet twilight spirits of the past,
Whose impress will the night outlast;
Stealing gently to the heart,
With inward pain the pilgrim starts.
Lost love draws nigh.

They murmur words heard long ago,
As then, the deepest feelings show;
They speak of burdens meekly borne,
Of hopes, time from the soul has torn;
Regret draws nigh.

Unbroken darkness greets the sight,
Twilight shadows die in night;
The pilgrim soul, in anguish wrung,
Longingly moans, O come! O come!
Oh, Death, come nigh.

Phila., Aug. 28, '79.

## A Shower of Rain.

BY S. U. W.

DOWN came the rain in a pelting, merciless shower.

At one crossing a miniature lake had formed several feet in length and breadth, and three or four inches deep; its shores on every side were mud—black, slippery mud.

It was amusing to see the hurrying people drenched, chilled, uncomfortable, impatient to be home come to a dead stop at this one crossing and hesitate, with faces expressive of disgust and dismay.

What chance had Ethel Thornton's poor little weary feet, so small, so miserably clad, in such a slough as this?

She glanced around despairingly.

And the next moment she found herself lifted in a pair of strong arms, carried high and dry over the mud and mire, and set down on the other side, while her rescuer, raising his dripping hat with a pleasant bow and smile, passed quickly on his way.

She stood where he had placed her as if turned to stone, following his fast disappearing figure with her dark eyes; her hands were clasped convulsively, the color was flaming in her cheeks under her wet black veil.

"It was Frank!" she gasped. "It was Frank himself, and he held me in his arms and never knew me."

A quick sob burst from her lips. O hard, hard fate! to meet thus—so close—and part without a word!

Her lover—her promised husband of one year ago.

Just then her foot struck against something hard.

She stooped and picked it up—a large pocketbook.

"Frank's!" she said, quietly and hopelessly; then she wiped it tenderly with her handkerchief, pressed it to her lips, and slipped it into her bosom.

As she did this, she threw her veil aside, for the tears and rain together nearly blinded her.

I doubt if Frank would have recognized her, even if he had seen her face—it was so worn and weary looking, and so stained by the wet black veil.

Not much resemblance there to the pretty, piquant, blooming girl whose love he had sought so eagerly a year ago; not much in her appearance just now to tempt any man to woo her.

So thought Mrs Benton, the landlady, as she let her in, and stared aghast at her utterly drenched condition.

Glad indeed was Ethel to reach the quiet of her own room—glad of the cup of tea her mother gave her—glad to lie down and rest.

She groped blindly to her little desk and put the pocketbook away.

"To morrow," she whispered to herself—"his address will be inside—I'll send it back to-morrow."

Then sinking wearily on her bed, she murmured:

"Mother, I feel so strangely. I wish—now—that I had taken—your advice, and stayed at home, to-day—"

The words came faintly, in low, broken gasps, from her parched lips.

She lay without speaking for some time, and then articulated:

"I failed again—no work—no hope—no—"

Her eyes closed, her voice ceased, she fell back, burning and shivering. The poor child had contracted a serious illness in that merciless shower of rain.

Meantime Frank Merrifield was anathematizing his ill luck in losing a valuable pocketbook with bills, receipts, money—all sorts of important matters in it.

"It must have been when I carried that girl over the muddy crossing. I had it the minute before, and missed it shortly afterwards. Confound my quixotic folly! Why coul dn't I mind my own business and let her alone? Poor little thing, she looked so wet and miserable, and something about her somehow reminds me of——"

He paused and leaned his head upon his hands in painful thought.

"Why can't I ever forget her? Poor little frail, false heart, why can't I let her go? Why does her sweet face haunt me everywhere—not bright and sparkling as I used to know it, but pale and reproachful looking? Reproaching me! Ah, Ethel, how much I loved you! How happy we might have been to-day had you only been true!"

He arose with an impatient gesture, as of one who, by an effort of will, puts vain regrets aside.

"How to recover the pocketbook? That's the present question. There was money in it; the finder is welcome to that; the bills and papers are what I want, and—her portrait. Yes—there's no use in denying it to myself, I am fool enough to care for that. I'll advertise in the papers. Confound that shower of rain!"

* * * * *

"Three weeks mamma? Three weeks lying here delirious? Why, what could have made me so ill? My head is so strange—I seem to forget everything."

Mrs. Thornton gazed anxiously on the girl's wasted face—almost as white as the pillow on which it lay.

"You got badly drenched and chilled, my love, in a shower of rain——"

"A shower of rain?"

The weak voice rang out clear and strong—the dark eyes flashed excitedly; she clasped her hands, while a vivid crimson suddenly dyed her cheeks.

"O I remember it all now. Please reach me my desk!"

Then she told her mother her adventure in the rain, and drew out of the desk Frank's pocketbook.

"Three weeks ago. In all probability he has needed it. We must open it, mamma, to find his address and send it back to him at once."

Mrs. Thornton looked pityingly at the flushed, eager face and trembling hands. She shook her head doubtfully and sadly, and said:

"You love Frank still, Ethel—now don't you?"

No reply in words, but the poor pale face was hidden upon the pillow with a great sob, and a little thin hand stole into the mother's, pleadingly.

Mrs. Thornton caressed the hand and put it to her lips.

"If he were worthy, dear, I should say nothing, but he abandoned you, Ethel. O child, where is your pride? You are hoping against hope, my daughter. It would be cruel in me to encourage you? Mr. Merrifield could have found you had he wished; our address was left for all who might inquire for it. He has not even written to you since your fortune was lost. I remember well that his last letter arrived just as we were going to your cousin Ethel's wedding—that was just a week before our trouble came."

Ethel made no reply.

Her face was hidden again, and sobs shook her slender form. Mrs. Thornton continued:

"Would that you had never seen Frank Merrifield! He forsook you in poverty, and even when the far greater sorrow of your poor father's death came upon us, he gave us not one sympathizing word! O Ethel, think no more of him, but rather try to reward the true and devoted love that has proved so true a friend to us. Dr. Jones has been like a son to me through all your sickness. Surely in time to come you will get over this infatuation for one so unworthy, and reward a devoted love as it deserves."

Ethel looked up wearily.

"I don't love Dr. Jones, mamma, though I esteem him, and am grateful; oh! very grateful for all his goodness to us both. But I shall never love any man but Frank! Some day I will tell the doctor so, and then—if he chooses to accept esteem and gratitude—I will, for your sake, mamma——"

She stopped, and quite broke down in a storm of sobs and tears.

Her mother soothed her, and presently she became calmer.

"Don't let us talk of it any more," said she, sighing. "Let us find his address, and send him his pocketbook."

So they opened it and examined its contents.

Notes, bills, memoranda, receipts, a considerable amount of money, but no address.

At last in an inner pocket they found a letter, and in it a photograph. Ethel took it out; it was her own picture.

"Mamma, mamma, look here," and the poor girl's trembling fingers clutched at a scrap of newspaper that was fluttering to the ground.

"O, what is this?"

Bending their heads together they read the following notice:

"Married.—On June 4th, at Grace Church, Henry Rollins, Esq., to Miss Ethel Thornton. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple started on a bridal tour."

Mrs. Thornton looked up in bewilderment.

"Why, what is that doing here?" said she. "It's the announcement of your cousin Ethel's marriage."

"Yes, yes! and Frank thought it was mine! I see it all now—he has believed me false to him! Oh, my poor Frank! he has been suffering, too! The photograph—see, what is that written underneath it in his own handwriting. Oh, look!"

Again they read together.

This time Shakspeare's lines—though slightly altered:

Wert thou but constant thou wert perfect—that one error
Fills thee with faults!

"Oh, my poor Frank!" cried the happy, weeping girl. "Oh! why were cousin Ethel and I named the same? And Frank never met her. Don't you see, mamma, how the mistake has occurred? And it might have remained unexplained forever but for that shower of rain! Look at the letter, mamma. I must find his address now."

The letter was examined, and, happily for all, supplied it.

Next morning a little note came by mail to Frank:

"SIR.—My daughter, whom you kindly assisted during a shower of rain, three weeks ago—desires to restore your pocketbook, which she found. Sickness has prevented our attending to this earlier. Please call at your earliest convenience, and inquire for Mrs. Thornton."

An address was given.

Mr. Merrifield stared at the name.

"An odd coincidence" thought he. "There are plenty of Thorntons in the world, of course," and he set off to reclaim his property.

A lady in deep mourning received him; he stared violently.

"Mrs. Thornton!" he cried, "can it be really you?" and stopped, confused and angry.

She was perfectly self-possessed.

"I thought you would have recognized the name," she said, quietly, "though our circumstances have made a change of residence necessary. It was Ethel whom you carried across the street; she has been ill since then, or——"

He interrupted her in surprise:

"Ethel ill! Ethel whom I carried!" Then getting more and more bewildered: "I thought that Mrs. Rollins was abroad. I understood——"

"Mrs. Rollins? Oh, certainly! Mrs. Rollins is my niece. I was not aware you were acquainted with her. It was of my daughter Ethel I was speaking."

Frank started to his feet excitedly.

"Your daughter Ethel! What does this mean? I heard that she was married. Oh, madam, have pity on me—have I been deceived? You know of our love and our engagement. Are there two Ethels, and can mine be still true?"

A cry answered him—a cry from the next room.

Mrs. Thornton flung open the door.

"Go to her," she whispered.

The next instant Ethel was clasped in her lover's arms.

Who shall describe that meeting?

Suffice it that they were as happy as they had lately been miserable; all misunderstandings were cleared away, and love and confidence returned.

"And as soon as you are strong and well again we will be married, my darling," said Frank.

"Thank God for the storm!" cried Ethel, earnestly. "And God bless the dear muddy crossing! Oh, Frank, it seems to me that—under Heaven's mercy—we owe all our happiness to that shower of rain!"

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The Prince Imperial is not yet, it appears, finally buried. The coffin lies in a temporary chapel open to view, surrounded by the insignia of the Legion of Honor, which the lad wore when alive, and by numerous crosses, wreaths, etc., given by the Queen and Royal Princes on the day of the funeral. Ladies daily bring wreaths and heap them up outside the grille behind which the remains lie. The odd part of the matter to an American is that the whole affair—coffin, crowns, crosses and all—is exhibited to the public, from three to five daily, at a charge of a shilling per head; children half price.

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J. W. Riley, the Indiana poet, is a youth of twenty seven years, and lives near Greenfield, where he was born. His father tried to make a house-painter out of him, but he took to the woods and began to send pieces of verse to newspapers. He has attracted the attention of Mr. Longfellow and Ik Marvel, both of whom have written encouraging letters. He has written "Tom Johnson's Suit" and any number of fragmentary pieces.

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The Crown Prince of Germany is not so popular as he ought to be, and this is mainly because, like his ancestor Frederick the Great, he never can restrain from sneering at the fools with whom he is brought in contact. The Crown Princess, apart from the habitual exaggeration according to which all princes or princesses who are not idiots are intellectual phenomena, is a lady of singular capacity and decision.

## Scientific and Useful.

ENAMELED BELTS.—To polish enamelled leather, take half a pint of the best cream, a quarter of a pint of linseed oil, make them each lukewarm, and then mix them well together. Having previously cleaned the leather, rub it over with a sponge dipped in the mixture; then rub it with a soft dry cloth until a brilliant polish is produced.

CHINESE CANNON.—The Chinese manufacture their cannon and other arms from a mixture of any metals which they can obtain. By analyzing some of their weapons of war it has been ascertained that they are made of a mixture of copper, iron, pewter and lead in considerable quantities, and the proportions of those metals vary in different arms.

MAIZE PAPER.—An Austrian journal states a mode of manufacturing paper from maize leaves has been discovered which is being carried out on a large scale. The success of the invention is such that not only is every description of paper produced, but that manufactured from maize leaves is stated to be considerably tougher than any ordinary paper made from rags, while it is perfectly free from the imperfection of brittleness common to straw paper.

ELECTRIC POWER.—At the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences a paper was read on the transmission of power to a distance by electrical apparatus. Experiments in connection with this were conducted at some sugar works. A machine, driven by a steam engine, set in action another machine 500 yards off, and this latter rotated a drum and cable which worked a plow. An effective power equal to three-horse was thus made available. The wire was formed of nine strands of copper.

COPIES OF RECORDS.—A new method of recording instruments has been invented by a foreign gentleman. It consists in copying the instrument by photography in miniature, and converting the copies into thin metallic sheets with indented letters, from which enlarged copies can be made to order. The same gentleman has invented an ingenious process of indexing, too complicated to be described here. It is a wonder that photography has not been systematically resorted to in this country for producing copies of records.

SUNKEN SHIPS.—The difficulty of raising sunken ships from deep water has led to the invention of the "gripping camel," which, when floating over the wreck, lets down two long arms to which air-bags are attached. The arms are intended to grip the wreck; but the grip is a flexible grip, for air is forced into the bags, which press with increasing force against the sides of the ship, and impart an element of buoyancy. At the same time the lifting power of the floating camel is augmented, and thus the sunken vessel will be lifted. Should it have sunk into a deep bed, a special contrivance sends down a strong jet of water, which, properly directed, soon washes away the heavy pressing sand.

## Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—Indian corn charred into charcoal is said to be a most valuable condiment for poultry. It will put the hens in good health, and cause a general toning up of the system, that will be seen in more and better eggs.

FRUIT TREES.—The stems of all fruit trees cannot be too frequently washed, as by this means old dead bark, which affords a hiding place to many noxious insects, will be removed, as well as moss and fungi which absorb juices, and consequently hasten the decay of the tree.

MANGE IN PIGS.—Mange in pigs can be cured by applications of whale oil and sulphur, well rubbed into the affected parts with a corn cob; the skin, being thickened needs something rough to break up the dry flakes with which it is covered. Give half an ounce of sulphur in the food daily for a week or ten days.

PURCHASING SHEEP.—In purchasing sheep it is judicious to select those that have been fed on soil inferior to that to which they are designated; and the best symptoms of a healthy condition are redness of the gums and skin at the brisket, whiteness and evenness of the teeth, firmness of the wool, sweetness of breath, and coolness of the feet.

A HORSE'S AGE.—The editor of the Southern *Planter* has been given a new method for discovering the age of a horse: "After the horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes in the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for every year over nine. If a horse has three wrinkles he is twelve, and so on. It has never failed."

WOMAN AND FLOWERS.—If there is any one thing more beautiful than another in a garden of flowers, that thing is a beautiful girl. Physically, there can be nothing better for daughters, and, indeed, for some wives, than to take sole charge of a small flower garden. The benefits derived from early rising, stirring the soil, breathing pure morning air, are freshness and glow of cheek, and brightness of eye, cheerfulness of temper, vigor of temper, vigor of mind, and purity of heart.

THE GARDEN.—Every resident of village, suburb, or country throughout the land who owns or occupies from a rod square to an acre of mother earth should have a garden. Nothing affords greater pleasure to the members of the family than the cultivation and daily sight of flowers, while the growing of both fruits and vegetables add to their comfort and health. Even if gardening is not profitable, in a money point of view, it pays largely in health and pleasure—both very important items.

IMPROVEMENT IN VEGETABLES.—Vegetables have been more improved in their qualities and appearance by careful cultivation than many persons are aware. Celery, so agreeable to most palates, is a modification of a plant the taste of which is so acrid and bitter that it cannot be eaten. Our cauliflowers and cabbages, which weigh many pounds, are largely developed colewarts that grow wild on the seashore, and do not weigh more than half an ounce each. Beets and carrots were originally little more than hard, stringy roots; while the potato was at first no larger than a walnut. Turnips and carrots are thought to be indigenous roots of France; cauliflower came from Cyprus, artichokes from Sicily, lettuce from Cos, peas from Syria, beans from Persia, spinach from Western Asia, radishes from China, onions from the East, and rhubarb from Turkey.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 6, 1879.


## BOTH SIDES.

"REMOVE every thing disagreeable from sight before the husband and father of the family returns to his home at night," is the recommendation of one of those immortal books of advice to the female sex, of which old bachelors and old maids, let us charitably hope, are the authors. Nobody else, surely, could be so lamentably ignorant of the mutual obligations of a married couple to make home bright. Nobody else could so persistently ignore the husband's equally binding obligations to "keep everything disagreeable," including too often, alas! his own moods and manner, from the wife whose untiring efforts are so seldom duly appreciated. Men see results, but are blameworthy for their chronic blindness to the million and one petty harassing details, necessary to produce these pleasing results of neatness and order. Taking it as a matter of course they forget to bestow occasionally the kindly appreciative word, which would be such ample solace for the day's labor. It would task an angel's powers to carry out successfully the rules for wives laid down in books like the one from which we have above quoted; or, at least, it is quite useless to attempt it until husbands themselves are very different from the majority of those we meet in our travels. We believe in laying down no rule of conduct for the wife which will not apply equally to the husband.

WHATEVER you do, have system about it. It is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet, wherever it has been introduced, this great labor-saving machine has been a success, demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary manual labor, a multitude of perplexities, kept his work-shop in order, and enabled him to perform correctly more by far than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating entanglements; it has saved him time, trouble, and kept his business rectified while others have been confused. System! It has ever been a victor in war, it is the powerful sceptre that the true statesman and the political economist sway in government, and it has been, and still is, the commonest stepping-stone to individual fortune. Have system in your management, and you will find eventually it will outweigh the physical forces of energy without it.

THE true hospitality of home is never loudly demonstrative. It never overwhelms you with its greeting, though you have not a doubt of its perfect sincerity. You are not disturbed by the creaking of the domestic machinery, suddenly impelled at unwonted speed for your accommodation. Quietly it does its work, that it may put you in peaceable possession of its results. He is not the true host, she is not the best hostess, who is ever going to and fro with hurried action, flurried manner, and unnatural zeal, which implies forced effort to effect a hospitable appearance, but rather one who takes your coming with quiet dignity and noiseless painstaking, yet is very attentive all the while; who makes you, in a word, "at home."

## SANCTUM CHAT.

A BALTIMORE druggist, who has given much attention to the matter, expresses the belief that Bright's disease of the kidneys is due to the immoderate use of ice water. It is said that Americans use 90 per cent. more ice in their drink than any other people, and that there are 75 per cent. more cases of Bright's disease here in proportion to the population than there are in any other country.

—

THE French have been trying with some success the plan of towing canal boats by locomotives. A railway is laid down on the tow-path about three feet from the side of the canal, and on this are run small locomotives of four or five tons, according to the weight to be pulled. One man suffices to manage the locomotive. The cable used is about 325 feet long. The advantages of the plan were fully demonstrated.

—

ONLY a few years ago England was ridiculing the precautions taken on the Czar's journey to Livadia, now we hear of the Queen's trains not only being preceded by the usual pilot-engine, but as being hand-signalled throughout the journey, the thickets near the line being searched, and every hedge and cutting carefully scanned by the officials; and this is in consequence of anonymous letters received at the Home Office.

—

THREE ascents of Mont Blanc have been made this season. The first was by a young American, Dr. Bryant, of Boston, who, with three of the guides, returned to Chamounix, and was hospitably entertained at dinner at the Pension de l'Union. The villagers celebrated what was to them the most important event of the year by firing a salute in the market-place, and by exhibiting at night a very respectable showing of fireworks.

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THE story goes in London, on what claims to be authority, that Mrs. Lantry, one of the professional beauties about whom so much has been said and written within a year or two, derives much, if not most, of her personal expenses, from a large commission from the sale of her photographs. Some of her admirers and friends justify this because her husband, being really poor, cannot purchase the finery necessary to her continual appearance in fashionable society.

—

FIVE packages of cinchona seeds were received at the University of California from Madras several months ago, and planted in the propagating house. Several hundred plants of the different varieties are now growing, and, as soon as the trees are sufficiently advanced they will be distributed to various sections of the State where the climate gives promise of successful cultivation for trial by several persons. It is hoped that California may become a producer of quinine.

—

HOMESICKNESS is known to sometimes assume the form of a mental disease. An English paper states that among the recruits sent to the garrison at Montelimart was a youth named Marchise, from Corezzo, who, from the time of his location, did not cease to weep and lament for his country home, day and night. One day, instead of returning to the barracks at the evening call, he betook himself to the railway, placed his neck on the rails, and was killed by the next train.

—

THERE is in Livonia a man who may become an object of as much interest to the scientific world as was the Frenchman in Canada years ago, who by a gunshot wound laid open his stomach to inspection, and lived for years, letting physicians observe the process of digestion. The Livonia man one day last week was kicked in the forehead by a horse which he tried to make jump a fence, and a wound inflicted in his forehead through which the brain may be seen palpitating. The wounded man is expected to recover.

—

THERE are many indications that large amounts of European capital will seek investment in this country. The low rates of interest which have prevailed in Europe for some time past show that there is a surplus of capital which cannot be profitably employed. The overdone manufacturing of that part of the world gives but little hope of improved profits. The undeveloped resources of our continent afford a wide scope for productive enterprises.

—

THE experiment has been made of sowing oats and wheat together with a view to obtain a winter covering for the wheat. The seed, in the proportion of one part of oats to two parts of wheat, was sown in the fall, and the oats sprang up quickly, and was killed by the early frosts, the stalks and leaves lying on the ground all winter, keeping the snow from blowing away, and preventing the sun from thawing the frozen ground. In the spring the dead oats made a good top dressing for the growing wheat.

—

AN asylum for aged domesticated animals has just been opened by an inhabitant of Gonesse, in France. It already contains a cow thirty-five years of age, a pig aged twenty-five, and an eighteen-year-old goat. The senior member of this happy family is, however, a mule. He is forty years of age. Next comes a sparrow, whose summers number thirty-one; twenty-eight years of life have been granted to a goldfinch, and a guinea fowl and a goose have respectively reached the ages of twelve and thirty seven years.

—

THE German *Gazette* gives some curious intimate details of the efforts made by Ismail Pasha to save his throne. Two days before his deposition, while the English Consul was pressing him to abdicate, he offered him heaps of gold, and engaged to assume the entire debt and discharge it from his own resources if he were allowed to remain. Then seeing that his appeals were in vain he sent to his harem for fifteen of his most beautiful slaves, and when they arrived, decked with diamonds, he said, "These are my favorites; the jewels they wear are worth $8,000,000; they are all yours if you will only leave me a little longer in peace."

—

PROBABLY the first instance of stopping a runaway by telephone occurred in New Haven, Monday. A pair of horses started from some place in the upper part of town and tore down State street, evidently heading for their owner's packing house on Long Wharf. The driver, who was off his wagon on business, ran into a store near by and telephoned to Long Wharf to look out for the runaways. When the horses reached the wharf a cordon of men were stretched across the street to prevent the animals from going down to the water, and the result was that the horses were turned into the packing house yard, where it was found they had sustained no injury.

—

THE following figure for a cotillion won the prize offered by the London *Truth*: A handkerchief is tucked under a gentleman's collar behind, leaving one corner hanging over the coat. Upon the musicians striking up a polka, that gentleman dances half way round the room with his partner; the other couple then starts after them, the object being for the pursuing party to get sufficiently near the advance couple as to enable the pursuing gentlemen to draw the handkerchief from the possessor, neither of the ladies being allowed to assist their partners in any way. This figure always affords great amusement to lookers-on, as well as to the performers, and is very graceful when danced quietly and with ease.

—

DR. BOCK, of Leipsic, is responsible for the following note on the relation between morals and what people eat and drink: "The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee; the digestive organs of confirmed coffee-drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts upon the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Fine ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper, which I might describe as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. Chocolate is neutral in its psychical effects, and is really the most harmless of our fashionable drinks. The snappish, petulant humor of the Chinese is certainly to be ascribed to their immoderate fondness for tea. Beer brutalizes, wine impassions, whisky infuriates, but eventually unmans. Alcoholic drinks combined with a flesh and fat diet subjugate the moral man, unless their influence be counteracted by violent exercise.

—

CONTRASTED with the enormous ironclads of the Old World navies are the new gunboats of China. They are practically only floating gun carriages, but are heavily armed with guns that are more efficient than the thirty-eight ton gun which is the boast of the British navy. The Chinese gunboats have been named after the letters of the Greek alphabet, and eight have been constructed. Their magazines and machinery are under the water line, and the single thirty-five or thirty-eight ton gun they carry lies flat upon the deck. It is moved and loaded by hydraulic power, so that only five men are required to handle it. Its projectile weighs 536 pounds. The advantage of a fleet of little vessels, thus armed, over the cumbersome ironclads, is that they are easily managed, draw very little water, and present an exceedingly small target for the enemy to fire at. The whole fleet costs no more than a single big ironclad, and is as heavily armed. In addition to the chief gun for which they are built the Chinese gunboats carry two twelve-pounders and two Gatling guns. The latter are double-enders, with a double set of screws, and rudders at bow and stern.

—

THE state of affairs in Russia is not only continuously, but increasingly bad. Incendiarism seems to be the order of the day, and burglaries and assassinations, which are numerous, are all affiliated upon Nihilism. The Government meantime is repopulating Siberia with so-called political offenders, who for the most part are generally only suspected persons. Three weeks ago the palace of Kremlin at Moscow was set on fire in broad daylight, a wooden staircase having been saturated with petroleum. The flames were extinguished in five hours, but the damage is considerable. Red flags were displayed on the church towers, the tocsin was sounded and the whole population rushed to the rescue, but the palace, which is probably the richest in the world, and the pride of Muscovites in general, was only saved by great exertion. The Minister of the Interior has reported that there were 3 501 fires in June, and estimates the loss from damage to property at over 12,000,000 roubles, which amounts to nearly $9,000,000. It is lamentable that the social condition of Russia under a sovereign of acknowledged liberal principles, should be so debased as at present. The soothing system in which humanity and patriotism are combined, might advantageously be applied.

—

A GRAND ball recently given at that ultra fashionable resort, Newport, must have been a phantasmal scene never equalled. Connected with the house a mammoth pavilion was arranged. This was divided into two apartments, the first being a perfect Japanese parlor, the ground being covered with Turkish rugs. The tent was lined with Turkey red, with Japanese panels and pictures. This led into the other apartment, which was seventy-five feet in diameter, and which was floored over for the occasion. This apartment represented sunset. Gauze of every hue was brought into use, and it was trimmed with gilt to match. In the south end, where the orchestra was located, was a bridge of real ice, and between the cakes strings of smilax and flowers, together with seagulls and other birds, were seen. A calcium light at intervals threw its varied rays upon the smoking ice, presenting a magnificent spectacle. This apartment was used for dancing. The scene at midnight was one of great brilliancy. Nearly four hundred of the leading summer residents of the place were present. The floral display was one of the finest seen for years. Hundreds of choice tropical plants were placed in every available nook and corner of both apartments. In the middle of the main pavilion, around the centre pole, was a mammoth cave profusely gilded, and which contained 100 birds of every description, from a peacock in full plumage to an English sparrow.

### SING CUCKOO.

BY S. D.

When grass is mown and bends the grain
Before the sickle's keen caress,
When shrilly creaks the loaded wain
And groans the spouting cider press,
A flying shout from the haunted wood,
By tangled thicket and roaring flood,
Merrily ringeth the bright day through—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

When bleating lambkins seek the fold
And from the farm-yard barks the dog,
When rusts the sunset's wealth of gold
And fields are drenched in river fog,
While flits the bat in the village streets
This unseen, magical voice repeats
A mournful chant 'mid the falling dew—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

When stars are brightest in the sky
And low the spectral crescent swims,
When from the woodland comes a cry
And o'er the marsh the owlet skims,
While all the life of the glad day sleeps,
A ghostly watcher his vigil keeps,
Bitterly weeping the long night through—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Beneath the sun my spirit sings
Like you, oh, bird! a measure gay,
But through the night, on leaden wings,
It weeps o'er hopes long laid away;
And hearing thee sobbing thy sad refrain,
My heart cries out with a sudden pain,
For the dead past wakes, as I list to you—
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

## An Attachment.

BY M. R. D.

### CHAPTER I.

TWENTY months ago I was a bachelor; was, I say, for I have since passed from that condition, and can now appreciate the fine irony which designates it "single blessedness," though at one time I had a profound conviction that the term was very appropriate.

As a whole, I should say that our family was decidedly predisposed to matrimony. At the period I speak of my brothers, of whom I had three, were all married, and surrounded by hostages to fortune; my two sisters, who lived with me, were indeed single, but both were engaged, and their nuptials within a few months of being celebrated.

For myself, I was not at all touched by these elements of matrimonial infection, nor in the least wistful of changing my condition. I had a notion that a bachelor's freedom was so delightful and unequalled, that it was not wise to abandon it for the domesticities of life; and if I sometimes involuntarily looked forward to that period of more advanced age when the heart rather pants for the sympathy of home affection, than seeks further pleasure in variety, I consoled myself with the thought that I might at least count on the society and worship of the numberless nephews and nieces, who were rising up, and likely to rise up, around me.

These, then, were my views, and I had hoped to be permitted quietly to act on them, by remaining single It was a flattering, but very delusive unction, for I had reckoned, as the adage has it, without my host. It was the boast of Falstaff, that he was not merely witty in himself, but the cause of the wit that was in other men; and I discovered that my sisters so far emulated this twofold attribute, that they were not only matrimonially disposed on their own account, but were resolved to make me, too, a convert to their principles. In a word, they had made up their minds I was to marry, and they told me so plainly.

I shall not readily forget the surprise it gave me when I heard this announcement first made to me as we all sat around the fire one evening. "Yes, Arthur," said my oldest sister, whose name was Marian; "Lucy and I have talked it over, and are of opinion, all things considered, that it is best for you to marry."

"Oh! talked it over, have you?" said I; "well, I admire your coolness. Of course it never occurred to you to inquire whether it might be agreeable to myself?"

"Don't be ironical," resumed Marian; "I'm sure Lucy and I were influenced by no other idea than the desire of your happiness."

"Thanks, unbounded thanks," said I, "for your disinterested kindness. Pray, may I ask what figure you put upon me? I'm entitled, am I not, to a good market? I'm—well, I won't say handsome, but decidedly good-looking; have captivating manners, of course, and a good fortune. Clearly I'm entitled to equivalents in all these respects; at least I may venture to think so. What does my considerate sister say?"

"You will never get anyone whom I think good enough for you," replied Marian.

This kind speech, I confess, rather baffled me. I was in no mood for further badinage at the moment, nor would it have been gracious, so I merely said, "Marian, I appreciate your love for me; but the fact it, I shall continue as I am. I am very happy,—very happy indeed."

"Yes," interposed Lucy, in whom the logical vein predominated, "and that is the very reason, though you don't see it, why we are anxious for you to marry. You are very happy now, no doubt, but that's entirely because we're with you, isn't it?"

Perhaps I might have told her she was conceited, very likely I should, but she came at that moment to my side and kissed me in her own sweet way, and I felt myself, stammering out that I supposed it was.

"Well, then," continued the perverse logician; "don't you know we are going to leave you, and how will you do when we are gone, gone to make other hearts bright, if you have no one to love you, and whom you can love in return?"

What the precise answer was I made to this I don't now remember; but I know that a long discussion followed, in which all my pet little arguments in favor of bachelordom were very severely handled; and then, when the two had pointed out all the discomforts a bachelor has to endure, how his pleasures are always uncertain, while his cares are the more poignant from having to be borne alone, Lucy wound up with a poetic view of the subject, asserting that woman's love was to man what Hero's lamp was to Leander—a shining light to guide and cheer him.

Whether it was the prose or the poetic side of the argument that brought me over, I know not, but I told Marian and Lucy that they had convinced me of the advisability of marriage. "The difficulty, however," said I, "is only half accomplished. I suppose you would like it to be an affair of the affections—at all events under no consideration would I marry—and on my word there is no woman in the range of my acquaintance whom I could sufficiently like; and where is there one to be found?"

We had talked till midnight; so it was impossible to go further into the subject then, and Marian merely said, as she and Lucy rose to retire, that this, "might safely be left to them," and then, kissing me, they said good-night, and retired to their room.

"Safely left to them!" I exclaimed to myself, as soon as they had left the room, and wondered whether the expression could have been seriously meant. They had brought me to their view of matrimony, and did they wish to choose a wife for me as well? No, no, I thought, this was too kind of them. and I resolved that I would not be led like a lamb to the slaughter.

### CHAPTER II.

THERE was never a happier home. I am sure, than was ours at Clayton Lodge. From my sisters, who were several years younger than myself, I had hardly ever been separated a day since their final return from boarding-school some five years before. As the only unmarried brother, they had always clung to me with peculiar affection, and the death of my father and mother, who died within a week of each other, about six months after my sister's return from school, seemed to bind us together still more closely.

I have said that my sisters were both engaged. The conversation I have detailed took place in March, and Marian was to be married late in the August following to an old schoolfellow of my own, and at that time a doctor in practice in an adjacent town. Lucy, again, was engaged to the curate of our parish, and their nuptials were fixed for October. In spite of the pleasantry with which I always referred to the impending double marriage, it did, I confess, occasion me frequent sadness to contemplate our separation; and the same thought, I well knew, oppressed them also, and had much to do with the eager desire they had had manifested to see me married.

When we returned from London it was the middle of April, and that and the two following months passed over without anything of interest to mark them. With July came active preparations for Marian's wedding, and there came also something more. It had been a long engagement that Marian's principal bridesmaid should be Fanny Loxdale, an old fellowship of hers and Lucy's. Fanny Loxdale I had never seen, for she lived in a part of the country very distant from ours, but she was a very frequent correspondent of Marian and Lucy's, who were most devoted to her, and as they generally showed me her letters—there were occasional ones, though, which they kept back and declined to show me—and mischieviously persisted in sending all sorts of imaginary messages from me, it seemed as though I knew her intimately. Her father, who was a physician, had died about a year before, and the touching references she had made to him to my sisters in some of her earlier letters after the event, had inspired me with great regard and pity for her. She was, as I learnt, the "sole daughter of his house and heart;" but, she was more than this, she was his only family stay, for his wife had been dead some years, and his two sons were both officers serving in India. In many respects Fanny's father was an excellent man; of her he was fond to distraction, and good and generous to all—too generous, in fact, for he was not prudent as to the future, and Fanny, at his death, instead of coming into the handsome fortune he might have left behind for her had he been careful, inherited a little more than a hundred a year. Her father's death had afflicted her deeply—all the more so since those who were dearest to her, and to whom she would naturally have looked for chief consolation, were far away; and, after taking as calm a survey of her position as her afflicted feelings permitted, she judged it wisest to break up her home and go to live with an aunt—her father's sister—who resided in the same town, and it was here that she was at the beginning of the July I have spoken of.

"Arthur, dear, what do you think?" said Marian, as she ran into the drawing-room one fine afternoon with a letter in her hand, which the postman had just left for her.

Now "What do you think?" is a very indefinite question, considering that one may make a thousand guesses, and not be right after all; so I merely said I didn't know.

"But what do you think?" repeated Marian, with great emphasis.

"Well, I think you very pretty," said I. "Is that it?"

"That may be true," said Marian; "but it isn't the answer."

"And that the doctor is the most fortunate of men?" I continued. "Is that it?"

"No, that isn't it, you flatterer," she replied; and yet she didn't look as if the answer were disagreeable, to her or in the least incorrect.

"Well, then," said I, "tell me what it is, for I protest I haven't the slightest idea."

Without further perplexing, she did tell me what it was. The letter was from Fanny Loxdale. There had letters come to her from India, from her brothers, acknowledging the painful intelligence of their father's death, and urging that as soon as the mutiny, then in rapid process of suppression, should be extinguished, Fanny should go out to them; and her letter now was to say that she had made up her mind to do so.

I was asked what I thought of this resolution, and I candidly replied that I disapproved of it altogether. Marian fully agreed with me in condemning the step, and so did Lucy, when we told her; but she at the same time praised Fanny's devotion, and said that, under the circumstances, it was wonderful; and Marian, I observed, endorsed this remark.

"Why wonderful?" I asked. "I don't think it at all wonderful. I disapprove of the step, but at the same time I think it very natural that she should desire to go."

"But, Arthur dear," Lucy went on (and when her replies began with a "but" I always became apprehensive of being beaten,) "you are not aware, nor were we, till recently, that Fanny has formed an attachment, which it will cost her a good deal to abandon."

"An attachment!" I exclaimed. "Why, I never heard of this. What is it?" and I prepared myself to be enlightened thereon at once.

The information, however, was not vouchsafed, for Marian merely said, with a meaning look at Lucy, "It is quite true that Fanny has formed an attachment of the kind, but that is almost all we know of it ourselves, and it it too delicate a subject to question her upon."

There was nothing more said then, but next morning at breakfast Marian told me that she and Lucy had talked the matter of Fanny's letter over, and had made up their minds that she was not to leave home. They were going to write to her that day, and invite her to spend the interval with us between than and Marian's wedding, and I was asked if I approved the project.

"By all means," said I. "I'm sure we shall all like her very much."

"Moreover," added Marian, "she has quite regained her old spirits, I see, and you will find her the most agreeable of companions."

I repeated how delighted I should be to see her, and the subject dropped. But it did occur to me every now and then during the day, when thinking on the resolve my sisters had announced, and especially as I also remembered the conversation on that March evening, that they were perhaps a little too prone to "talk things over," and decide momentous questions for other people And then I thought of the romantic attachment, and wondered what could be its history. A person with an attachment is always so interesting.

### CHAPTER III

THE invitation to Fanny Loxdale was duly forwarded, and in the course of two or three posts there came a letter cordially accepting it. and finally, a day or two afterwards—I think it was the evening of the twelfth of July—Fanny herself arrived at Clayton Lodge. The meeting between her and my sisters may easily be imagined. They had been "girls together," inseparable at school, had kept the closest and warmest correspondence ever since, and met now under very interesting circumstances. I do think the three had embraced and re-embraced half a dozen times, laughing and crying the whole of them, before my sisters thought of introducing me to Fanny, but at last they did so, and I welcomed her with the best bow I had at my command (I have thought since that I was unusually nervous over it,) and she made a very sweet reply, which I am stupid enough to have forgotten, though I quite well remember that she blushed as she made it.

Fanny Loxdale was very beautiful, and her manners most engaging. I had always heard my sisters say she was so, yet the particular ideal I had formed of her was every way at fault. From the moment I had heard of the attachment she was said to have formed, I had pictured to myself a person with frequent and sudden flashes of silence, a face thoughtful and dreamy in its beauty, with eyes expressive, of course, but rather with the languor of motion that characterises the poetic temperament, than that activity and playfulness which show jocundity. I was never more deceived. Her manners were full of vivacity, her eyes, sparkling as they did, seemed capable of expressing every motion, but chiefly that of merriment, and as to her laugh, it seemed the most musical and merriest laugh I had ever heard. Sweet did Fanny Loxdale appear the first evening I spent with her.

"Well, Arthur," said Lucy to me the next day, "what do you think of Fanny Loxdale?"

I exclaimed that the expression was most favorable—of course it was.

"Isn't she delightfully lively?" continued Lucy.

"Charmingly so," I answered; "but I can see no trace of the romantic attachment you speak of. She seems too vivacious to be experiencing anything of the sort. I feel sure her heart is quite her own, and and Marian must be mistaken."

"Then so is Fanny herself," replied Lucy; "for we could only have known it from her, you know."

"Well, then," said I, "I am bound to think the complaint agrees with her, for she is all life and merriment."

"I fancy the romance is subsiding though," said Lucy.

"Subsiding, is it?" said I; "then is the cavalier, whoever he may be, discovered to be unworthy?"

"Not at all," rejoined Lucy; "all the worthier the more she knows him, and she has seen him lately, very lately. But it was an attachment conceived under peculiar circumstances; and though she will never conquer the feeling, she is resolved that her pride shall give her the outward control of it, at all events. But you will promise me one thing, won't you?"

"Fifty, if you wish it," said I.

"Thanks," replied Lucy; "but my request is more reasonable. It is one thing, one thing only; but that most specially and sacredly I ask you to faithfully promise me."

"Name it," said I.

"Then it is," continued Lucy, "not in the moment of the greatest familiarity or the most playful banter, shall you hint to Fanny what I have told you."

"Never, I pledge myself," I replied; "but she must get over this, and make up her mind to love another. Do you think she can?"

"Never, I am sure," replied Lucy. "I heard her say as much last night."

I was going to repeat the question seriously, but refrained. Seriously, did I say? Why so? Why should I feel any anxiety? How could it affect me, whether she loved again or not? But it is easier to put a question than to answer it. On the whole I thought it best to be playful.

"She is a woman, Lucy," said I, "and therefore it is her prerogative to change."

"And her prerogative to be constant," said Lucy, "which is more, on the authority of Shakspeare, than can be said of your sex, 'O, Heaven, were man but constant, he were perfect!'—you know the rest."

"But she is a woman, Lucy," I continued.

"Not 'therefore to be wooed,' though—that is, by another."

"She is a woman, I say, and——"

"Not 'therefore to be won,' at least by another," persisted Lucy.

"Then is it really a case of the Medes and Persians?" I asked. "Are her affections so unalterably fixed?"

"Unalterably, replied Lucy.

"But didn't you say the attachment was subsiding?" I asked.

"I meant that it was changing to a more practical affection, that was all;" and just as Lucy had so said, Fanny and Marian entered the room.

To me all this was a mystery of mysteries. If Fanny Loxdale had only sighed now and then, or sometimes looked melancholy, I could have understood her; but she never looked sad, but grew merrier and merrier every day, till she became the life and soul of us all. And then, as I saw this, I would think of her unhappy attachment—for I concluded it must be unhappy—and marvel at the more than human spirit she showed, and then of the resolution never to love again,

and would pity her and regret it? Could it, as I have asked before, possibly affect me? But haven t I also said before that it is easier to put a question than to answer it?

That six weeks were a very happy time, yet the happiness was not without an alloy Have we not all experienced, some time or other, a delight so exquisite, that the sensation suffered at the bare recollection that by a certain period all would be over. Alas! this handwriting on the wall will appear; and it is the counterpoise to our joy, as hope is to our grief. And all through these six weeks the thought kept springing up that Fanny's visit would soon be over, and what should I do then? Do? Was I not merely a friend? When I regretted her resolution not to love again, was I not thinking of her happiness alone! This time you shall have an answer—No.

I was in love with her, had loved her from that first evening when I stammered out a welcome. What, had I—who was resolved on bachelordom, and so confident in my power to resist any fascination—had I been struck and conquered almost at once? Verily I had. How little able the strongest of us is to be a stoic under the influence of a woman's charms! What should I have said if any one had asked me before I saw Fanny Loxdale what I thought of love at first sight? Shouldn't I have derided it, talked of the absolute necessity of a long study of disposition, and all that sort of thing? This is just the kind of wisdom we all have in theory, but so few of us in practice. It is so easy to hold firm to a principle when there is no danger near; and to be logical, when one is arguing from ideal premises. But, alas! love may come in an unexpected moment, and upset the philosophy of a life.

I loved Fanny Loxdale, and the passion grew day by day, as such a feeling often will deepen when felt to be hopeless. Had I not been told that her affections were already fixed and that we never could transfer them to another? What right had I then to love her at all? But I did love her, and burned to tell her so, only there was the dread of failure.

## CHAPTER IV.

IT had come to within three days of Marian's wedding, and on the fourth day—so it was then arranged—Fanny was to leave us; but it so happened that on this third day before the wedding we were left alone together for some hours, and Fanny was beguiling the time by playing and singing for me. They were arch sprightly words she used to sing, nay, I had never heard her give a very tender song, and this was part of the mystery that hung round her, but on this day she suddenly paused in the midst of a very lively air—the words of which made rather light of love—and asked if she might give me a song with more feeling in it, and which was perhaps truer to Nature.

Was the truth about to be confirmed, then? Had the almost supernatural power of concealment given way, and was she compelled at last to find relief for her suppressed feelings in some sympathetic song. I thought so, and dreaded the worst, but it would not do to betray myself, so I said I would prefer such a song. And, then, throwing the deepest feeling into it, she sang one.

I felt now that what Lucy had said was true, that Fanny did love, and I dared not trust myself to hear any further confirmation, so I didn't ask her to sing again, but began to converse.

"You are to leave us very soon, then?" I said to her. "We shall miss you greatly."

"Will you?" said she. "I fear I've been a very noisy, and troublesome visitor."

"You have made us all very happy," I said; "the house will not be like itself without you."

It was just on my tongue to say, "I wish you could be here always," but I checked myself, and said something more guarded. It was that I hoped she had been happy as well.

She said she had been entirely so; and that she trusted to the "pleasures of memory" her visit would furnish to support her in the future, otherwise she thought she would be inconsolable at leaving us.

It might be catching at straws certainly, but this didn't look as if there was an unalterable attachment elsewhere, and I resolved that the ground should be broken further.

"You must think of us very often," I said; "and you may be sure of a reciprocity of remembrance."

"Very good," said she; "then it is a compact that we all remember each other. I am to be recollected as the noisy, romping, and wayward Fanny, and Marian and Lucy, and you, as Fanny's good, dear friends. Is that an understanding?"

"No," said I; and she asked "Why?"

And now it came. I could not have restrained the confession for worlds; defeat, just then, had no terrors—no terrors, at all events, comparable to the misery of suspense.

"Fanny," I said, taking her hand impassionedly; "I demur to that description; I can only think of you in one way, as one whom I love tenderly, deeply, hopelessly, if you will. From the first hour I saw you you have twined yourself round my heart, and unless you will love me in return, there is only a dark, dark future before me; I can never be happy again."

"I'm sorry, very sorry, I should ever have come."

This was all she said, and she looked at me with a pitying glance, and her eyes glistened.

"But why, my dearest Fanny?" I asked, and there was a terrible eagerness in the tone

"You were always light-hearted before I came, were you not?" she said; "and now you look so wretched, and I am to blame for it, and I—I fear I cannot make you joyous again, that makes it worse."

"But you can make me as happy by a word as I am now miserable," said I; "that is in your power. Will you do so? I cannot release your hand till you promise"

"No, no!" she said. "I fear I cannot do what you ask me—pray leave me."

"If you tell me that your heart is another's, Fanny, I will, but not till you do"

For a time she was silent, perhaps for a minute, but it then seemed an age to me. "No," she said at last, "I love no other one!"

"Then consent to make me happy," said I, "and never to leave this house which has grown so bright from your presence."

"I cannot make you happy, indeed," she replied.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I am not worthy," she replied.

"Yes; you are good, better than I am—far better," said I "But will you consent to love me, and I will be yours devotedly to the end."

There was another pause, terrible in its suspense as the first, and then, looking at me through smiles and tears—love's blessed rainbow of promise—she said, "I will."

The struggle was over now, and we could talk calmly. She made me repeat it once or twice that I had loved her at first sight.

"My darling, I did," said I. "It is not the highest compliment to a woman so to fall in love with her, for she may have many latent attractions, far better worth loving her for than those which appear on the surface, and this, darling, was so in your case So I've gone on loving you more and more at every fresh sight since—will that do?"

She blushed, and said it would. I saw there was something else she wished to say, but she hesitated, and I had to reassure her. And then she did tell me; told me that Marian and Lucy had so written of me for six years, ascribing to me every good quality, that at last she had got to loving me ardently, though she had never seen me, and that when she did see me, the feeling was confirmed.

"This, then, was the attachment, and I had been the object of it? The mysterious conversations were now all explained. How little I had dreamt the truth when she was testing me so terribly. Was the ignorance bliss to me? No, it was torment. Yet it might have been folly to be wise. The joy was so much better when it came—was so great I cannot tell it.

Marian's wedding came off on the third day, and then we induced Fanny to stay with us till Lucy's should come off also. It was somewhere about the middle of October when this little fairy bestowed her hand on the curate, and the same day saw Fanny Loxdale leave Clayton Lodge. But by the time spring had come again, and the foliage and flowers around had re-bloomed, she had returned for good and all, having in the meantime, once more said "I will" but on this occasion in the presence of a clergyman and a bridal party.

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A DIGNIFIED COACHMAN.—The coachmen of wealthy Europeans are made so much of by their employers as to become oftentimes the masters of their masters. A ridiculous story is told in Paris of a Russian nobleman who esteemed himself fortunate in obtaining an excellent English coachman. He accompanied his master in his journeys and was treated with great kindness and liberality by his employer On one occasion a lady friend dined at the Count's. He had promised to send her home. At ten o'clock she called for the carriage The coachman could not be found. Accordingly a groom was ordered to take his place. The next day the coachman came in to see his master and offer his resignation. The latter, who had said not a word to his servant about his absence when wanted the previous evening, was surprised and asked the reason "Yours is an excellent place and you are an excellent master, but I can never mount the box again. I don't drive after a groom!" And he persisted in his determination, in spite of all the efforts of the Count to appease his indignation.

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Barnum, the showman, is 69 years old.

# A Wet Day.

BY A. L. S.

IT was a hopelessly wet day, and a party of young people, staying at a large place in the country, looked unmistakably bored as they stood about in the hall after luncheon.

Frank Egerton, the eldest son of the house, turned from a window in disgust.

"What can we do?" he asked, in an exaggerated tone of despair. "Miss Brook, what must you think of our climate?"

"Can't we rise superior to weather, and strike out a new idea?" interrupted Miss Egerton.

"I have thought of something for to-night," he answered. "There's a dance at the Dunstone Asylum. An invitation came for us some days ago." Various exclamations of horror broke from the young ladies as he continued: "We can dance with each other if we don't like the inmates. You will come?" he added, in a lower voice, turning to Miss Brook.

She hesitated.

"I don't know. I never did such a thing before."

"You will probably dance with much saner people than you have done elsewhere, and I believe they have a capital floor."

"It seems so sad," she said. "And must we dance with the patients?"

"Not unless you like; but I believe numbers of them seem quite sane, and that you would never find out any difference. The one I know is a poor fellow who was at school with me, who fancies he's the Emperor of China, and has the wildest ideas on the subject—quite incorrect for the character; but if he is humored he is managed with perfect ease."

"What is his real name, if it is not wrong to ask?"

"Stapylton. I know nothing of his family, or how he went off his head. In fact I have not seen him for years; but the doctor told me about him, finding I used to know him, and of this new fancy of his."

Mrs. Egerton crossing the hall at this moment was eagerly seized upon by her son, rather reluctantly consented to the plan, and a few hours later found them entering the ball-room at the Dunstone Asylum.

Violet felt horribly frightened at first, but a waltz with Frank Egerton restored her courage, and she looked round her with interest.

"Do you see that poor man," Frank asked her, in a low voice, "just coming towards us with the doctor? I suppose they could not get him to come sooner; but how terribly sad he looks! What cruelty to bring him!"

He was a tall striking looking man, and Violet continued to watch him, when Frank left her to dance with some one else. While the doctor moved on he remained standing, half concealed by a curtain, watching the dancers with a look of agony.

He seemed so miserably out of place, Violet felt full of pity, and wondered if she dare speak to him. He caught her eye and smiled, such a sad pitiful smile that all her fear vanished.

"You are alone?" she said.

"Yes," he answered; adding suddenly "My poor child, do you want me to dance with you?"

Nothing was further from Violet's thoughts; but she was afraid of annoying him.

"As you wish," she said; "but tell me first who you are," hoping from his answer to find some guide for her future conduct.

"My name is Stapylton," he answered gently.

"The Emperor of China!" she exclaimed involuntarily, and then feared what might happen; but he only said:

"Am I? Just as you please. Will you sit down here till the next square begins? I never waltz"

"That is something to be thankful for," thought Violet, as she obediently took the offered chair.

* * * * *

Mr. Hunter a neighbor of the Egertons who never failed to visit these dances, had returned home with some friends the day before, and at breakfast announced his attention of going, as usual, to the dance at the Dunstone Asylum.

He was surprised when one of his guests started at the name, and eagerly asked if it was near.

"Ten miles; but why do you want to know, Stapylton?"

"I'll tell you afterwards," was the answer; and as soon as they were alone he told him a younger brother of his had had sunstroke in India, which, in addition to other troubles, had completely driven him out of his mind, and that he was now in the asylum at Dunstone.

So Major Stapylton entered the asylum that evening with Mr. Hunter, but waited alone till the doctor could come to him.

"I am afraid you have given yourself needless trouble," the doctor said; "I have inquired, and Mr. Stapylton is asleep. In his weak state he must not be disturbed. He is better, however, and the new delusion I told you of in my last letter quite passed away. If you will call again—"

"Yes, thanks. Don't let me detain you."

The doctor turned fussily to the door.

"You see I should not be absent for an instant to night; but pray do not wait here. Come with me; you will see nothing painful, and Mr. Hunter is so kind, he always stays to the end."

The doctor, recovering his temper, talked on as they walked towards the ball-room.

"Nothing painful, I assure you; but if any of them speak to you, be sure to humor them."

As they entered the room, Major Stapylton, rather horrified, shrank back behind a curtain, while the doctor added, as Violet looked towards them:

"Do you see that girl? She is one of our worst cases."

"In white?" Major Stapylton asked, in doubt as to which was meant.

The doctor was suddenly called away; and as Major Stapylton was still looking at Violet, wondering if it was she, her apparent forwardness in addressing an unknown stranger confirmed the idea of her madness, while the slightest doubt on the subject was removed when she spoke to him as Emperor of China, he never having heard of his brother's imperial delusion.

They sat together for some moments in silence, till Violet, finding it unbearable, growing more and more nervous, and trying to suit her conversation to him, said:

"Is it long since you were in China?"

"I never was there in my life!" was the startling answer, while Violet felt frightened as he added confusedly, "at least, I mean—I don't know." And he thought in his turn, "Poor girl! I forgot I was the Chinese Emperor. How on earth can I keep up the character?"

Violet hurriedly went on:

"Of course. I understand. I suppose you knew Dr. Smith before, and are paying him a visit?"

Major Stapylton shuddered.

"What! She thinks I am a fellow patient, then! However, poor Charles is, so she can talk sensibly;" and he hastily changed the conversation by asking if she had read one of the books of the day.

Violet knew it well, and to her surprise and delight found her Emperor capable of a rational conversation. She had seldom enjoyed one so much. She was very young, and had not yet got over her shyness with strangers, but why need she be shy with a poor lunatic? So, with the subject of pleasing him, she talked without hesitation of her favorite pursuits and books, and answered personal questions without taking any offence.

Major Stapylton, on his side, delighted with the fresh young girl, touched by her openness, and profoundly sorry for her awful misfortune, tried from mingled kindness and curiosity to encourage her almost unconscious revelations of character.

"Have you been here long?" he at last ventured to ask

"About an hour, I think," she answered, not understanding.

"In the ball-room; but I mean how long have you been at Dunstone?"

"O, what shall I do! he thinks I am mad too!" she thought; but her look of terror warned Major Stapylton he was on dangerous ground.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I had no right to ask. Tell me more of your visit to Italy." And plunging into mutual Roman recollections, they were again delighted with the rational way in which each conversed.

One of the gentlemen of the Egerton party now came and asked Violet to dance, explaining that he could not find her before, and adding in a low voice:

"Will you come, or do you prefer staying here?"

"I would rather stay here, thanks; but please ask Mrs. Egerton if she minds."

"Certainly; but I should think in this case it was all right;" and he went off to report Miss Brook was perfectly happy, talking to a very good-looking lunatic.

Mrs. Egerton, not knowing what was the usual etiquette at lunatic asylums, left her undisturbed, and she and Major Stapylton had another hour of delightful talk; till Mr. Hunter came to look for him, when she seized the opportunity to escape. Mrs. Egerton leaving soon afterwards, she saw her new friend no more.

Frank secured a seat in the carriage opposite to her, and began to reproach her for the way in which she spent her evening.

"I am sorry if it was wrong," she answered simply; "but the poor man seemed to enjoy talking to me, and I thought it would be cruel to go away. Do you know, he is your friend, the Mr. Stapylton you told me of, Emperor of China."

"Is he? I asked one of the attendants, and he told me he was not there. How stupid! I should like to have spoken to him, poor fellow. I did not recognise him; but I see it is the same face, but older and altered in expression. He used to be very clever and popular."

"He is delightful," Violet said. Then,

ashamed of such strong praise, added, "Of course I only say so because he is mad. Do you know, he thought I was mad also!"

Full of admiration for his evident abilities, charmed with his manner, and pitying his misfortune, Violet for the next twenty-four hours thought of little but this fascinating madman.

Major Stapylton on his side was in much the same state. He had vainly tried to point her out to Mr. Hunter, and resolved to question Dr. Smith the next day when he returned to see his brother. Mr. Hunter told him he had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Egerton to dine with her and bring his friends; and Major Stapylton felt bored by the prospect of going among complete strangers.

The next morning he visited the asylum, and had a most satisfactory interview with his brother; and was afterwards assured by Dr. Smith that he felt certain of his speedy and complete recovery.

Then Major Stapylton rather awkwardly began his inquiries about the young lady of the night before. "One of your worst cases, you said."

"O yes," he answered. "So you talked to her? She is very ill this morning, poor thing, and I think cannot live long."

Major Stapylton felt it impossible to make any request to see her, or even to ask more questions about her, only venturing to say, "She seemed in the most perfect health last night."

"Excitement does a great deal in some cases; but I feel sure she will not live through the winter."

Major Stapylton's preoccupation and sadness on his return soon attracted Mr. Hunter's attention, and he expressed his fear his brother must be worse.

"No, no; much better; sure to be all right soon, Smith said. The fact is, Hunter, I can't get that girl out of my head I told you of last night. So young and intelligent, and I should have thought so well; and I hear now that she cannot live through the winter."

Violet Brook dressed for dinner with very preoccupied thoughts, and the profoundest indifference to Mr. Hunter and his friends. Major Stapylton entered the drawing room decidedly cross and, having been introduced to Mrs. Egerton, looked round the room, and instantly caught sight of Violet, standing at a little distance and looking at him with intense surprise.

He sprang towards her and seized her hand.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

Violet, terrified gave a slight cry of alarm; and Frank Egerton moved towards her.

"O, Mr. Egerton," she cried, "it is your friend the Emperor!"

"What is she doing here?" asked Major Stapylton, bewildered, and dropping her hand.

"Mr. Hunter," Frank called out, as Violet clung to him for protection, "what is the meaning of this? Why have you brought this madman here?"

"My friend Major Stapylton? What on earth do you mean, Frank?"

Major Stapylton eagerly addressed Mr. Hunter: "She is the girl I told you of; one of Dr. Smith's worst cases! Why have they brought her here?"

"Miss Brook mad!" Frank exclaimed indignantly. "My mother took her to that dance last night."

"And I took Major Stapylton!" answered Mr Hunter, bursting into a roar of laughter as he perceived the double mistake.

All, even the two victims, were obliged to join in the laughter, and a more hilarious party had never before entered Mrs. Egerton's dining room.

She, of course, assigned Major Stapylton to Violet, and he thought her more charming, if possible, than before, as they offered mutual apologies, and she explained how she had mistaken him for his brother and expressing her joy at the hope of his speedy recovery.

Their conversation was continued after dinner, till an impromptu dance was started. In a pause of the figure he drew her aside "I cannot help it," he said, "even if you think me mad again. Ours is no ordinary acquaintance, and I must tell you before I go how I love you. I dare not hope you can care for me, but may I come and see you in London?"

In confused, but quite satisfactory, words she confessed more than he had ventured to believe possible.

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The Emperor of China recovered in time to be best man at their wedding, and in their happy after life, Violet and Major Stapylton often laughed over the reminiscences of their first meeting at the Dunstone Lunatic Asylum

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A Curious Fact.—Experiments made 180 years ago demonstrated that a bell, rung by clockwork, when placed under an exhausted receiver, emit no sound The report of a pistol on the top of Mount Blanc makes no more noise than the explosion of a percussion cap at the level of the sea, and aeronauts tell us that at the height of two miles all sound ceases.

### IN MEMORIAM.

BY CLARA WEST JONES

Sweetly he slumbered
Into his rest,
With f[illegible] hands folded
On [illegible]
Peacefully folded o'er the heart young and brave,
That yesterday little did dream of the grave.

Golded hair shading,
The peaceful brow,
Snowy lids veiling,
Blue eyes that now
In the dreamless sleep have closed upon earth,
To awaken in Heaven to the new life and birth.

Guard well their darling,
Ye fragrant flowers!
Tenderly fall on him,
Refreshing showers!
Birds of the wildwood! your clear notes re-[illegible]
Over the lowly, the star-daisied mound.

## His Heart's Wish.

BY J. L. S.

THEY stood together in the orchard—Brant Mathews and his pretty sweetheart, Hester Grayson.

They were not quite alone, for a girl, startlingly like Hester, but her junior by three years, sat upon a limb of a huge old oak not many yards away, softly singing.

"It's no use Brant," Hester said, in response to her lover's pleadings. "No use in wasting both our lives on a fond dream that never can become reality No, no—give me back my promise—our marriage can never be!"

"It can—it shall!" cried Brant, earnestly. "Do you love me, Hester?"

"Yes, I do. If you were better off I'd marry you and be a happy woman. But that will never be. I love you, but I hate poverty. I must better myself when I marry. Why shouldn't I? You all tell me I am handsome Even your brother John tells me that. By the bye, I thought you were so sure that he would be our friend?"

"He tells me he said all he could, but father will not hear of it. What of that? He finds no fault with you but your poverty, and when I am no longer dependent upon him, but my own master, able to support my wife, he will welcome you as a daughter. Oh, what are three years—save for the pain of parting—to love like ours?"

So in the end she promised to wait for him, truly and faithfully, through three years, and then, when he should claim her, become his wife.

Meantime the musical murmur from the tree had ceased, though quite unnoticed by the lovers, and as Hester gave the promise a graceful, girlish form swung itself down from its leafy nest, and suddenly placed itself before them.

Brant held out held out his hand to her.

"I had forgotten you, May," said he. "Well, you can witness our engagement."

"I shall witness nothing so foolish and false," she said, sternly. Then turning to her sister, "Why do you promise what you will never perform? Hester will never wait for you three years, Brant. You must be mad to believe it!"

And with that she left them. Hester looked after her with a smile.

"Silly girl, and you are her hero," she said, pouting a little. "I am not good enough for you in her eyes."

He clasped her to his heart.

"And you will be true, my darling, through three years—faithful and patient for my sake?"

Hester renewed her promises, and so they were betrothed.

* * * * *

One year went slowly by. Brant's letters, bright enough in the beginning, grew sadder and less hopeful as the months rolled on.

He had gone west and obtained a position in San Francisco, but he began to realise that his modest savings would not suffice to attain the object of his hopes.

John Mathews was beside her when she received that letter; he was often with her now, lavishing upon her the most flattering attentions. His own brother's rival. That thought had repulsed her for awhile, but not for long.

Here was a suitor, rich, while Brant was poor; present, while Brant was absent; waiting and ready for her acceptance, while Brant might never be ready

"I'll wait at any rate another year" she said to herself at last "One more year"

The "one more year" passed by Brant's letters, growing more and more hopeless and discouraging, at last ceased altogether, and then Hester became John Mathews' bride.

Meanwhile, far away in the gold fields of California, Brant patient, silent, sad, toiling night and day with heavy heart and weary frame, struck his spade against an enormous nugget of gold, and arose up from his toil the fortunate possessor of thousands

He would not wait to write—what need?—to one whose faith he never once had doubted, measuring it by his own

He set sail, looking shabby enough, to be sure. But what matter. Doubtless she would welcome him, though he came home a beggar, and in rags.

And then a fancy took him to put that to the test—to test them all. See how they would welcome him if he came home poor.

He had no doubts of Hester; but it would be sweet to show the world how she loved him—for himself alone.

The autumn sun was shining, hot and fierce, as a traveler—poor looking and travel stained—came slowly up the dusty lane that led to a certain well-remembered orchard

There, under the very tree where they had stood that summer evening over two years ago—he saw once more the graceful, slender form and lovely face that had animated his hopes and haunted his dreams so long.

What he said, what he did he never knew; but suddenly a cry of love and rapture startled the dreaming girl, and the next moment she was clasped in Brant Mathews' arms.

In that moment all but the joy of his return was forgotten.

But the girl, for it was May, struggled from his arms—burning with shame to remember how willingly she had yielded to and returned his first caress.

Not meant for her at all—for Hester, all for Hester, his brother's wife.

He looked at and spoke to her reproachfully

"You don't know what you say!" she cried. "And oh, I cannot tell you!"

She hesitated, looking at his pale perplexed face; no, she could not wound him with the truth.

"Go to John, he will tell you all!" she cried, and bursting into tears at the thought of his coming sorrow, turned and fled wildly from his sight.

The brothers stood together face to face.

"Where is she?" demanded Brant, bitterly. "I desire to see her."

The other answered—

"She is far from well, unfit for such an interview. What good can your reproaches do now?"

"No good. Nevertheless, I desire to see once more the woman who was to have been my wife. I return to California to morrow, and would bid her good-bye before I go. As to her illness, she was well enough a few hours ago in the orchard; and see," pointing to the garden, "there she is now. With your permission I will join her there."

And without waiting for an answer, or noticing John's look of quick surprise, he hurried out.

May saw him coming, and arose, pale and trembling. She raised her gentle eyes to his, timidly, sorrowfully—

"Do not be angry with me, Brant," she said; "I am not changed. I am your sister still——"

He stopped her with a great cry.

"May, my little May, oh, what a blind fool I have been!"

The memory of the welcome she had given him, the affection that had found expression in her eyes, nay, even Hester's half contemptuous words of long ago—

"You are her hero, silly girl."

All these came back to his memory now, with a thrill of joy and pride

All was not lost; the world was not yet desolate. Here was a creature, better, nobler, truer than Hester had ever been.

Long hours they walked and talked together, watched from the house by Hester's and John's anxious eyes

It was May who pleaded for their pardon, and won it.

He could refuse nothing to her, he told her; the one heart that had proved itself faithful and true.

Why May should have crimsoned so at these simple words, or why his heart should have beat the faster for her rising color, I cannot say, but doubtless they understood each other very well.

It seemed so, indeed, as the days and weeks rolled on

No more talk from Brant of a return to the land of gold.

"The fact is," said he, "I have not been quite unsuccessful there. I have gold enough, could I but secure a certain jewel to set in it And the jewel I have set my heart on is—my dear and precious May.

And he won his heart's wish.

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Manners.—I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions without coercion treaty or affectation At once have I the advantage of good society, as it is called, to school them in its instructive rules and ceremonies, and if there be any standard of manners it is founded in reason and good sense, and not upon those artificial regulations Manners like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same contriving of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand, the careless reception and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation, "How are you, my old friend!" M S.

## SAGACIOUS HORSES.

A pleasant story has just come from the Cape of Good Hope. In Graaf-Reinett as in all the old Dutch towns in the colony, there is, in the centre of the place, a large market square, where the farmers, traders and others, arriving with their produce at any hour of the day or night, may "out span" the oxen or horses from their wagons, send the cattle out to the "commonage" to feed, while they bivouac at their wagons as is the wont of African travelers to do until the 8 o'clock morning market auction. An old horse belonging to one of these parties had wandered about in search of grass and water—vainly, no doubt, for it was during the severe drought from which the country is but now recovering. Coming to the great, bare market place, and finding a knot of men talking there, he singled out one of them, and pulled him by the sleeve with his teeth. The man, thinking the horse might possibly bite, repulsed him, but as it was not very roughly done, he returned to the charge, with the same reception; but he was a persevering animal, and practically demonstrated the axiom that "Perseverance gains the day," for upon his taking the chosen coat for the third time between his teeth, the owner awoke to the idea that a deed of kindness might be required of him; so putting his hand upon the horse's neck he said. "All right, old fellow; march on!" The horse at once led the way to a pump at the further side of the square. Some colored servants were lounging about the spot. One of them, at the bidding of the white man, filled a bucket with water; three times was the bucket replenished and emptied before the "great thirst" was assuaged, and then the grateful brute almost spoke his thanks to his white friend by rubbing his nose gently against his arm, after which he walked off with a great sigh of relief. A story somewhat analogous to the foregoing was told by a friend, whose uncle, an old country squire in one of the western counties, had a favorite hunter in a loose box in the stable. One warm summer day he was "athirst," and could get no water. He tried to draw the groom's attention to the fact, but without success. The horse was not to be discouraged, he evidently gave the matter consideration The thirst was pressing At once he remembered that he had always had a certain halter put upon his head when led to the water. He knew where it hung. He managed to unhook it from its peg, and carried it to the groom, who at once, in great admiration of the intelligent brute, rewarded him in the manner he desired.

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Peruvian Luxury.—The author of a very pleasing work upon Peru, informs us that in the almost inaccessible regions of the Cordilleras, every imported luxury is very dear; but the necessaries of life, including lama mutton, are reasonable enough—with the exception of fuel. But the *carne con cuero* (flesh with the skin) is the great luxury of a South American *gourmand* which is thus described. The moment a bullock is killed, the flesh on each side of the spine is cut out, with an inch of the hide to meet or lap over, so as to prevent the juice from escaping, it is then covered with embers, and roasted like a potato Sausages, hams, and bacon, though imported, are much in use. Sweetmeats and rum are served together at all dinner parties Tobacco is in universal use; all smoke cigars, but a person is not expected to accept one from the mouth of another, as is the case in Mexico (even from the mouth of a domestic), where the declining of such a compliment is a grievous offence against friendship and good breeding; but you must accept with grateful acknowledgment the remains of a glass of rum, the more lips it has touched the more cordiality in the dram—fill with it! and beware of wiping your mouth either before or after it. Should you be inclined to wipe the brim of the glass before drinking, or turn it between yourself and the light to seek a little space free from humidity, your reputation is gone for ever! When a lady selects a gentleman from the company, by beckoning, or calling him to take her glass and sip after her, the compliment is then highly enviable; and whether her lips be pale and shrivelled by the wintry effect of years, or cherry ripe and pouting in the fragrance of summer, he is bound by the well understood laws of respect, etiquette honor, gallantry, love, and all their little jealousies, to imprint his own lips upon the precise spot where those were placed which preceded him, and then to take off the very last drop in the glass.

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The Bank of England.—The Bank of England was incorporated in 1649 It covers five acres of ground and employs 900 clerks There are no windows on the street, light is admitted through open courts, no mob could take the bank therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The clock in the centre of the bank has fifty dials attached to it Large cisterns are sunk in the court, and engines in perfect order are always in readiness in case of fire

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Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

# Our Young Folks.

## "SIMPLE SIMON."

### A Tale of School Life.

BY F. L. L.

THE Rev. William Blake kept a large boys' school in the north of England, and "Simple Simon," his nephew, lived there though he could not exactly be called a pupil, as he learned very little His name was not Simple Simon, as I need hardly say—it was John Simmonds, I believe; but this nickname had stuck to him by reason of its appropriateness. He was a fair haired lad of twelve, with kind soft blue eyes like a girl's and a half wistful smile which his school fellows thought silly, but older people found had a way of its own of appealing to their hearts. When he was five years old he had a terrible fright, which had almost robbed him of his wits; before then, he had been a fine, bright, jolly little fellow. He was returning from Canada with his father and mother; and then in the Channel, close to home, there was a collision, and the ship went down. His father and mother were drowned, and little Johnny was picked up, lashed to a plank, by a steamer. His mother's brother, Mr. Blake, took the child, and he was tenderly cared for by his aunt, though his mind as he grew up never became strong. The other boys treated him kindly, though with that sort of rough, blunt, good natured contempt which boys show to any they think inferior. No one bullied Simple Simon, and he did not in the least mind being a butt for all their jokes and tricks. He was taken in by the most transparent devices, so that it was hardly worth while to boax him. Simon like everybody more or less, but he had two great passions, one was for his cousin, Hilda Blake, the other for one of the head boys of the school, Reginald—or, as he was called, Rex—Pemberton by name. This was a tall handsome lad of fourteen, a spoilt child of rich parents and with all the faults that over indulgence at home produces. He was clever, but terribly idle; generous but selfish, conceited extravagant, and passionate Why Simon worshipped him I cannot say, except for the fascination of his dark handsome face, his strength and his cleverness, which seemed wonderful to the backward boy, but worship him he did. Simon was his slave his humble admirer, and most faithful follower Rex found him very useful—he did all his errands blacked his boots, fetched and carried for him and asked for nothing in return but a careless word of half praise.

The master of Grayton was very soft hearted, and he hated resorting to extreme measures when all milder ones failed He very seldom employed corporal punishment, and it was always thought to be an awful affair when any one had to undergo it It was a disgrace, considered indelible by some of the boys And Rex Pemberton, though he did everything to deserve punishment, was the proudest boy in the school

Simple Simon had been suffering from an attack of bronchitis and was weak and poorly He was kept in Mrs Blake's part of the house, and was nursed and petted by Hilda and her mother, so that he was out of the way of hearing much of school doings Whether vague rumors reached him however, that his hero, Rex was one day to be flogged for some very marked infraction of the school rules Johnny started up from off the sofa with a burning face, and eyes large, with a look almost of terror, and putting Hilda away, who was sitting by him, he rushed off, panting for breath, straight into the schoolroom straight up to Mr Blake, and caught his hands

"Why, what is the matter? How wild you look You aren't fit to be here, Johnny!" his uncle said, concerned at his looks

Johnny tried to speak, gasped out something pointing to Rex who sat dark and gloomy at his desk, clung to his uncle, and could only sob out, "Oh, please, please, don't!"

"Pemberton, I suppose the boy has heard about your going on," Mr. Blake said, sternly; "get him to go away with you—school is over—but come back immediately."

Rex took Johnny's arm and dragged him off, still in sullen silence, in too bitter a mood to soften at once, though he could not quite resist Johnny's piteous appeal and lamentations.

"Oh, Rex! I can't have you flogged!" he said, in heartrending tones.

Reginald laughed a hard laugh. "It isn't till to morrow, Simon, don't you bother about it. I shan't be."

"Shan't you? Oh, I'm so glad!"

"No, indeed, not I! Old Blake need not think I'd stand it. I shall hook it, Simon"

"Hook it!"

"Yes; don't you know what that means? Well, I'm not going to tell you any more you are so soft you would let it out. Now go in and keep yourself quiet, you young muff" Rex went on, and Simon went in, wondering what Rex meant about "hooking it." In the night he suddenly woke with a start—he was considered well enough to go back to his own bedroom, which was shared by two other boys, North and Enderby, two of the upper boys in the school. They were talking, and as Johnny lay, he heard North say—

"He started an hour ago, he's on the way to town now."

"Where will he sleep? Will he walk all night?"

"He said he meant to get as far as the 'Railway Inn" at Loxley, and stop there till six, and then go to the city by the train

Johnny lay quite still and took this in. His love for Rex sharpened his wits, and he understood it all. Reginald had run away, and it "would be his ruin" What could he do? That was his first thought. And then he made up his mind. He would get up and walk to the "Railway Inn;" it was a six mile walk in the dark, and his strength was not much to boast of after his illness, but he must be able to get there before the train left Loxley, and he would persuade Rex to come home with him, and beg Mr. Blake's pardon. So he got up dressed himself and left the house. It was early spring, and a chilly, misty night. He walked on unsteadily enough, sometimes hurrying, sometimes lagging, in some new fear, but never stopping, or turning back towards the safe, comfortable house, the warm bed, and the sense of friends about him.

While Simple Simon, as Rex always nicknamed him, with a sort of good-humored scorn, was bearing these torturing fears, Rex himself was lying, asleep in a little bed at the "Railway Inn. He dreampt of various things for the boy was much excited, and finally imagined that Simon was sitting on the bed sobbing. Suddenly he was awakened by a voice outside, and looking out discovered Simon at the door.

Reginald hurried on some clothes, and in another minute the door was unbolted, and poor Johnny, wet to the skin, gasping for breath, fell into his arms. Neither spoke, but Rex half carried, half dragged the dripping bundle up stairs into his bedroom, and then he broke out, "Oh, Simon! what made you come? it will kill you"

"I was obliged," Johnny panted out "Oh Rex come home! come home! oh my say you will!" Rex was hastily stripping off the wet clothes—for the time all his selfishness was gone; he thought of nothing but the noble little fellow who had risked so much for love of one who had slighted and despised him. He saw that he was utterly exhausted, and he feared for the consequence with a terror he dared not dwell upon He did not speak nor rest till he had him in his own bed. "Rex how good you are! but you will come home?"

"Yes, Johnny, I will, for your sake."

In the early morning, Mr. Blake was roused by a knocking at his door. "Who is it?" he called out.

"It is, Pemberton, sir. I must speak to you directly"

Mr Blake hastily put on some clothes and went out. "What is it, Pemberton? what can be the matter?"

"I ran away last night," sir," Reginald began, too much in earnest to show any of his old stubborn pride.

"Ran away!"

"Yes—but Johnny found out I was gone, and he wanted to stop me. He walked to Loxley last night, and found me at the Inn. He was wet through, and dreadfully tired. He is very ill now, sir, and I came over in the landlord's carriage to fetch you. He said, please, that Mrs. Mrs Blake and Hilda were to come."

"Pemberton, is this all true?" asked Mr. Blake.

"Quite true, Mr. Blake; I don't know what to do, I am so miserable! It's all my fault—I'll do anything you please—oh, if Johnny dies!" And the boy, for the first time for years, burst into a violent fit of crying.

Bewildered as he was, Johnny's uncle lost no time. Very soon, as soon as horses could take them, he, his wife, and Hilda were at the Railway Inn The landlord had already sent for the doctor.

Johnny was very ill and in great pain, but there was the old sweet smile on his lips and in his blue eyes as he saw his friends.

"I'm so glad you've come," he said, reaching out his hand to Hilda "I am afraid I am going to be very bad, uncle You'll forgive Rex won't you, for my sake?"

And his uncle promised

For days Johnny struggled between life and death, but he did not die Health and strength came slowly back, and when he took his place in school again he found to his great surprise that he was elevated into a hero

No one dared to utter the old nickname "Simple Simon," which, indeed, he ceased to deserve, and his mind slowly strengthened and developed

Reginald Pemberton never forgot, all through his life, the unselfish devotion he had done so little to deserve, it influenced his character permanently for good and was in many ways he began of a better and nobler self. He had learnt the great lesson of sacrifice, for the first time, from "Simple Simon."

# Cerebgations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 644 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

## ANSWERS.

No. 335. HOLYSTONE.

No. 336.
C R A M P
H A G A R
O V A T E
R E V E R
D R E S S

No. 337. SATIATE.

No. 338.
P
F A T
P R I A L
P A I N T E R
T A T T A
L E A
E

No. 339. ORIGAN, GRAIN, RAIN, RAN, AN.

No. 340.
G I O A D A
I S A B E L
C A B A L A
A B A N E T
D E L E T E
A L A T E D

No. 341. LOVE'S LABOR WON.

No. 342.
D
B A C
V E N U S
R E A D L E S
D A N D I P R A T
C U L P R I T
S E R I N
S A T
T

No. 343. JONATHAN.

No. 344.
A C O U S A L
C R I N I T E
C I R C L E S
U N C O I L S
S I L I C L E
A T E [illegible] A N
L E A S E N S

No. 345. We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart,
We may live without friends and live without books
But civilized men cannot live without cooks.

No. 346.
C
P A D
P A N E D
P O R T M A N
P A R T H E N O N
C A N T H A R I D E S
D E M E R I T E D
D A W I T E S
N O D E S
N E D
S

No. 347. NUMERICAL.

My dear Wilkins
The POST by Uncle Sam rushed through,
Arrives on Saturday by two,
Then 7 5, 3, 7, 1, 2
Myself, its mission to subdue.
The first one makes me sick and blue,
The last as mad as any Sioux.
I study hard. I rub my pate,
I hang myself across the gate,
Get up at morn and think till late,
The 'Dom and Puzzles both berate
With many yell, and scream with hate,
1 12, 11, 10, 4, 8;"!
I'm truly vexed, and cross, and sore,
I feel like wailing round in gore'
All caused by 1 to 12 9 4
The Puzzles, Is not this a "bore"?

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 348. SQUARE ACROSTIC.

The FIRST perchance may be a blow!
The NEXT to minister this you know.
The THIRD to put in order, so'
In PRIMALS, note equality
A silly fellow, CENTRALS me;
To unread will FINALS ever be.
And now my friends, what have we left'
Why PRIMALS, FINALS will be cleft,
And PRIMALS CENTRALS FINALS—they
Produce the breastworks for a fray.

Camden, N. J. LOCKSLEY.

No. 349. CROSSWORD.

In anguish not in grief,
In robber not in thief,
In vessel not in a boat,
In river not in moat,
In darkness not in day,
In sonnet not in lay,
In mother not in wife,
In hatchet not in knife,
In [illegible] not in wet
Say, have you found it yet?
"Now this is the position,"
He was a learned physician,
Of very high reputation,
'A many years ago.

Philadelphia, Pa. KATE NICKLENT.

No. 350. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(Words of 4 letters.)

In the Pacific Ocean find my FIRST—
An Isle:
The language of the SECOND oft is worse
[illegible]
The THIRD [illegible]
And for the LAST I'm longing
Outright
PRIMALS afloat FINALS ashore
Together, a weapon to domestic war"

Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN.

No. 351. CEREBRAL STEW.

One-sixth of an oyster, one-fourth of a calf,
One third of a fox of a wren just one-half,
One-third of a dog, one-sixth of a lizard,
Put in to a kettle with stewing in it,
Then put on the fire and stew for a day
And tell me the Puzzler your stew makes I pray.

Mimstown, Pa. SANCHO PANZA.

No. 352. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
(Words of 5 letters.)

1. A fluid glass. 2. However. 3. An image. 4. A river of Spain. 5 To rave.
PRIMALS:—A variety of quartz.
FINALS:—A gem.
PRIMALS AND FINALS:—A hard stone.

New York City. KOH

No. 353. CHARADE.
BY EFFENDI, CZAR DEAN & O. W. L.

EFFENDI. I saw him at the FIRST,
About to quench his thirst.
CZAR DEAN I saw him at LAST
Where blows fell thick and fast
O. W. L. I saw him on the WHOLE
With broken nose and poll.
CZAR DEAN I saw him while at FIRST;
In Russian we conversed.
O. W. L. I saw him take a LAST;
His vessel had no mast.
EFFENDI. I saw him with the WHOLE—
A pig, as black as coal.
O. W. L. I saw him on the FIRST,
In water half immersed.
EFFENDI. I saw him in the LAST
As he was marching past.
CZAR DEAN. I saw him use the WHOLE,
But salt wont save his soul.

"The Widow Lerouge" for first solution.

No. 354. SQUARE.

1. The FIRST of [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] of Isaiah
2. In Africa and Asia, we
At night these animals might see.
3. A narrow walk we now will trace
'Tis made outside the rampart's face.
4. The power of the rich and strong,
[illegible] them to commit frequent wrong.
5. In Pittsburgh's iron mills they say,
The FIFTH doth work from day to day.
6. This an eruption of the skin,
With broad, smooth spots it does begin.

Gibson, Pa. ODOACER.

No. 355. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.

Not in rule but measuration,
Not in hold but arrestation,
Not in fete but celebration,
Not in good but instigation,
Not in word but altercation,
Not in work but cerebration,
Not in fall but declination.
I have no doubt these lines will be,
To some young heads a mystery,
But work right on and keep in view
Coleridge's hero—that's the cue

Dunkirk, N. Y. MY BOY.

No. 356. SQUARE.
(With kind regards to "Kf Pef.")

1. Bearing marks of constraint in execution. 2. Imperfect. 3. Mandates. 4. Chemical compounds. 5. To revive. 6. A beginner. 7. A course of pastry or fruits.

New York City. WAVERLY

No. 357. LOGOGRIPH.

A luscious fruit that needs no care
To thrive and ripen anywhere.
A heavy press its capsules burst
And from the juice is made my FIRST
Mix up the letters carefully
And frame a word that properly
Belongs to you; oft taut, oft loose.
You could not move without its use.
Transpose again, fat quadrupeds
Are now revealed in humble sheds,
They wallow in the filthy mire
And in their eating never tire.
My SECOND take, be read it twine
A dial tells a pretty [illegible] tale,
That he or she is wise or heard
Will designate this little word.
Reverse the last With feelings loth
I now direct you a morbid growth
Which all our natures justly dread,
It is a tumor of the head.

Newark, N. J. KNOX WEST

No. 358. DIAGONAL SQUARE.

ACROSS: 1 A small cask. 2 Resembling a winged seed vessel. 3. To produce crystallins. 4. One of an order of cirripeds. 5. A white crystaline substance. 6 The coloring matter of the blood 7. To steal. 8. Relating to an island in the Pacific Ocean.

DIAGONALS:—(Down, left to right, commencing at lower left,) 1. A jester. 2. A term in printing. 3. Margin. 4 A town in Spain. 5 An animal. 6. A genus of plants 7. Certain trees. 8 A fossil shell. 9 Scotch word [illegible] by heat. 10 A gorge. 11 Incensed. 12 A tree 13 To occupy a fixed position 14 A male nick-name 15 A letter.

Baltimore, Md. HAT HAZARD

## ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

### PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.
3. "The Widow Lerouge," for first solution to No. XII.

### SOLVERS

Cerebrations of August 2nd were solved by Gil Blas, O. Possum, Waverly, A. Solver, Odoacer, Fleury Ann, Goose Quill, Capt. Cuttle, Percy Vere, Traddles, Hannah S Gigs, Effendi, Theron, Koh, Apollo, Alec. Sander, Petite Moore, Ef Fen.

COMPLETE LISTS.—Gil Blas, O. Possum, Waverly, A. Solver.

### PRIZE WINNERS

1. Gil Blas, Washington, D. C.
2. O. Possum, New Haven, Conn.

### ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Nic. O. Demus—Two [illegible] Diamond, Two Reversed Rhomboids, [illegible] Cushion [illegible] Lynn—Two [illegible] Square. Comet—Six Diamonds. Ef Fen—Two Spearhead Double Seven Letter Diamond. Tom Ass—Charade. [illegible] Square. Baron Numerica.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE.—Hereafter all words in puzzles received for [illegible] If you will [illegible] A word [illegible] we [illegible] We are [illegible] learned the error of our ways, know whereof we write.

### COMFORT.

BY C. F. B.

A single word is a little thing,
But a soul may be dying before our eyes
For lack of the comfort a word may bring.
With its welcome help and its sweet surprise.

A kindly look costs nothing at all,
But a heart may be starving for just one glance,
That shall show by the eyelid's tender fall
The help of a pitying countenance.

It is easy enough to bend the ear
To catch some tale of sore distress;
For men may be fainting beside us here,
For longing to share their weariness.

These gifts not silver nor gold may buy,
Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow;
But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye,
The poorest may offer wherever he go.

### METALS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE ancients had a knowledge of seven metals—viz.: gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, lead and mercury (or quicksilver). They were each held sacred to some ruling deity. Homer has mentioned all these except mercury. Mercury was common in the century next before the Christian era. Gold is the Sol or sun of the alchemists, who represented it by the circle, the emblem of perfection. There are drawings of gold-washings on Egyptian tombs as early as 2,500 years before the Christian era, and fine gold wire was made into ornaments—often found on mummies—by the Egyptians 3,500 years ago. In the earliest days of Greece gold existed in great abundance.

Gold coins were first issued in France by Clovis, A. D. 488. About the same time they were issued in Spain by the Gothic King. Gold occurs in nature in a metallic state, alloyed with silver in all proportion up to thirty-eight per cent. and containing also traces of copper, with palladium and rhodium. The ancient gold mines and gold-bearing streams were found in Syria, Arabia, Greece, Italy and Spain. It was often found in surface deposits, in alluvium and in the beds of rivers—just as it was found some years back in California. Silver ranked next to gold, and this beautiful metal has been known from the earliest ages, and has always been highly valued for its rarity, beauty, lustre and prominence. It was named from the soft light of the moon. The richest mines were those of Spain. It was wrought into plates, dishes, drinking cups, vases, candelabra, and adorned the helmets and shields of warriors. Polished silver mirrors were common at the toilets of Roman ladies. The dining beds were often covered with plates of silver. Heliogabalus had beds of solid silver; and Pompey on the third triumph introduced beds of gold. Silver was first coined on the island of Ægina; the Romans did not coin silver until B. C. 281. The largest mass of pure silver ever found weighed only eight pounds Troy.

Copper came into use next after silver and before iron. It was called Venus by the ancients, who gave it the symbol of that planet. The age of copper followed the age of stone. Homer wrote in the copper age. His famous shield of Achilles is made of gold, silver and copper, a small quantity of tin being put in to harden it. The shield is itself a proof of the art of design, and the working in metals having attained a very high degree of perfection among the Greek at a period believed to have been B. C. 962. In a mine near Lake Superior there was found in 1854 a mass of copper 48 feet long, 20 feet high and calculated to contain 150 150 tons. Brass, which has often been confounded with copper, is merely an alloy made by mixing one-third of zinc with two thirds of copper. Brass was made by the ancients without discovering zinc. Iron, the most important metal, came into common use long after copper was well known. It was regarded by the ancients as a symbol of war and received the name of Mars, the god of arms. Homer mentions a mass of iron as one of the prizes of the funeral games given by Achilles in honor of Patroclus;

In 1837 B. C. the Lacedæmonians coined iron into money. At Babylon the huge stones of the bridges were held together by bands of iron fixed in place by molten lead. Thucydides tells us that the walls of the Piræus were fixed in the same way. In preparing the stone for building the Pyramids iron was used. Herodotus affirms; and iron must have been employed in engraving the beautiful old gems which are now so valuable. The Ninevites made tools of iron, the ancient Britons made spears and lances of it, and the Romans during their occupation of Britain smelted it to a considerable extent. Through all the nations of high antiquity iron is mentioned almost always in a way that shows it to have been a partially common but always a highly esteemed metal. Only 154 years ago Russia bartered iron for an equal weight of copper coin.

Lead, a bluish-gray metal, was known to the Egyptians at an early date, and is mentioned by Homer. It was used in Rome in pipes to convey water, and in thin sheets for roofing purposes. The powder (cerussa) used by the Athenian ladies to tint their complexions was their white lead. Lead owes its usefulness in the metallic state chiefly to its softness and fusibility. In ancient times tin was scarce, and the chief supply was from India, Spain, and the celebrated mines of Cornwall, England, which have been worked uninterruptedly from the earliest historic periods. Tin was used by the Egyptians nearly 4,000 years ago. Mercury was well known to the ancients and was then supplied from Spain, where it was obtained from cinnabar by a process which appears to have been the first crude example of distillation. The power of mercury to dissolve gold was known to Pliny in the first century, A. D. With us mercury is much used in various chemical preparations as a powerful medicine, and as a developing agent in the daguerreotype. It is also used to extract gold from its earthy or rocky matrix. The chemist uses it instead of water for collecting gases, which would be absorbed by the latter fluid.

For many ages no addition was made to the seven metals which have been briefly described in this article. It was not even suspected that the number could be increased, but towards the end of the thirteenth century antimony was added to the metallic family. It was discovered by Basil Valentine. It is found in Germany and also in India. It is of a silver white color, with a good deal of lustre, and neither tarnishes nor rusts. It is valuable in the arts from its hardness in the making of alloys.

A second metal, bismuth, has been known since 1529. It is readily distinguished by its peculiar reddish lustre and its highly crystalline structure. Its principal source is Saxony. It is largely employed in the arts, but rarely by itself. Pearl powder, used to whiten ladies' faces, contains bismuth.

Zinc is perhaps the most important of the newly discovered metals, and may have preceded the others; it was certainly described long before. An obscure passage in Strabo seems to show that a certain stone was found to drop false silver when melted, but there is little to show that this false silver was zinc. It is positive, however, that its alloys were known to the later Romans, for numerous coins have been found containing copper and zinc nearly in the proper proportions to form brass. The origin of the term zinc is lost in obscurity. It was first employed by Basil Valentine, but Paracelsus, who was fond of penetrating to the source of things, was the first to associate the word with a metal possessing the character of zinc.

Platinum, discovered by Ulloa, a Spanish traveler in America, in 1735, is one of the pure metals found only in its native state, in small glistening globules of a gray steel color, though occasionally in masses the size of a pigeon's egg. It is the heaviest form of matter yet known. It does not oxidize in air at any temperature, no single acid has any effect on it, and it is very infusible. It has been coined into money in Russia.

Cobalt is the name of certain demons who were supposed to haunt mines, and to manufacture those ores which looked rich to the eye but were really of little value. Among these were supposed to be the ores of this metal, and hence its name. It was discovered about the middle of the eighteenth century. It is reddish-gray in color, and is of no use in manufactures and the arts, except that beautiful blue and green pigments are produced from its oxides.

Nickel was discovered by Cronstedt in 1751. Pure nickel is a brilliant silver-white, ductile, malleable metal. It is used as a whitening agent in the manufacture of German silver, and has been converted into coin at the United States mint and has got largely into use in plating various metals. Our nickel cents contain 88 parts copper and 12 nickel.

Manganese, made known in 1774, is one of the heavy metals of which iron may be taken as a representative. It can be highly polished; it is so very hard that it can scratch steel and glass.

Arsenic was produced as a metal about 1733. It was a very soft, brittle and eminently poisonous metal of a steel-gray color. It is scattered in great abundance over the mineral kingdom and is sometimes found in the free state, but more frequently combined, chiefly with iron, nickel, etc. It is used in the arts and also as a medicine.

In addition to the above there are at least thirty five metals, most of them discovered since 1774. The best known of these are tungsten, 1781, palladium and rhodium, by Dr. Wallaston, who first fused platinum; potassium, sodium, calcium, barium, and strontium, in 1808, by Sir Humphrey Davy; aluminum, in 1828 magnesium, in 1830. The very last in date is dianium, discovered in 1860.

## Grains of Gold.

The thought of eternity consoles for the shortness of life.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge.

Teach children that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvets.

Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good breeding has on our conversation.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Teach boys that God is no respecter of sex and that when He gave the seventh commandment He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

The man who possesses a passionate and revengeful temper is deprived of reason, and all that is great and noble in his nature is suppressed.

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture of equal parts of cheerfulness and good nature. Anoint the face morning, noon and night.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational; but he, whose noble soul its fear subdues, and bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

Good thoughts not put into action are like good seeds thrown into the fire, or like blowing out the flame of a candle to let the smoke of reproach punish, even as the light illuminated.

As benevolence is the most social of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little but he is yet capable of giving and of receiving benefits.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

He who spends his life in accumulating knowledge which is never adapted to the wants of society is a literary miser. His gainings bear no interest, and he defrauds mankind of their just dues.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down all the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.

It is easy to tell when others are flattered, but not when we ourselves are; and every man and woman will lend firm belief to the soft nothings of the very man they believe to be an arrant flatterer when others are in the case.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

The love of display which results in vulgar ostentation is the result of selfishness, of a desire to excite the envy of others rather than the wish to share benefits with them—an effort to appear great, without striving to be great in reality.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten.

## Feminimities.

Nearly all the pawnbrokers of Paris are women.

Of the 515,782 members of the Church of Scotland 297,175 are women.

Eight, nine and even ten bridesmaids are seen at fashionable English weddings.

Shells of Saxony porcelain are used for the handles of parasols by French women.

The beauty of American ladies abroad continues to be a theme of foreign correspondents.

Dauphin gray, a new shade, is almost the color of gold, and combines with myrtle green and garnet.

Jane Pie, of Columbus, O., attempted to drown herself because she could not get enough watermelon to eat.

One of the newest, and consequently the most desirable, colors in stockings is old gold color. It is seen as yet only in the expensive silk hosiery.

A young girl in Lynn, Mass., has had one of her feet so badly poisoned by wearing colored stockings that it is said the foot will have to be amputated.

Women always claim to be anxious to have as good husbands as possible, and yet we never attended a wedding where the bride married the best man.

The latest Parisian novelty in bonnets is cut away at the back, and has several large roses placed in the opening. The lace trimming is bunches of smaller roses.

A dissatisfied Cleveland, O., mother-in-law stole the marriage certificate of her new daughter in an attempt to get even with her for stealing away the affections of the mother's son.

A new caprice in evening gloves is to have them laced instead of buttoned. Eyelet holes are not used, and they are laced by a very simple arrangement, which adds greatly to the neatness of the fit.

Mrs. Mackey, wife of the bonanza king, has a sapphire which was once the property of a Russian prince, and it cost her $50,000. It is an inch in diameter. Her pearl necklace cost $100,000, and her coral set $13,000.

A wicked artist, looking at the portrait of the Queen and Prince Albert, in the new volume of Mr. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," says that the Queen's expression plainly shows that she has just asked, "Why, Albert, dear, how did you get that grease spot on your collar?"

Lace collectors may find a useful hint in the plan used by an English woman, who has a leather case, into which five little books are fitted, each one devoted to a different class of lace. The books are very thin, and each bit of lace is tacked to a scrap of paper and then gummed to the page.

At the Kensington School of Needlework at London, among other rare things and curious, is a set of baby linen worked by the hands of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth and her ladies for a baby that never existed—the visionary infant of Queen Mary, celebrated by Tennyson in the most pathetic passage of his drama.

Women are admitted this year for the first time to all the examinations and degrees of the University of London without exception, on precisely the same terms as men. At the matriculation several weeks ago there were nearly 600 candidates altogether, and eleven of these were young ladies. One lady presented herself at the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. These are the first twelve ladies who have been admitted to the regular examination of any English university.

"Ain't young ones cute?" said the fond mother as she watched her darlings sporting upon the lawn in innocent, gleesome mirth. Just then a croquet mallet came ricocheting across the ground, and, executing a graceful curve, knocked a sixty-two and a half cent back comb from her head into infinitesimality. "There, you horrid brats, see what you've done. March into the house every one of you!" was the peroration of what was originally intended as a complimentary allusion to juvenile pleasure.

Enter young husband, who throws himself in a chair, and exclaims: "What! toothache again, Marie? I do call that hard upon a feller! Why, you had toothache when I left this morning. And here I have been at the Park all day with the jolliest lot o' fellers ever got together in one drag, and won a lot of money, and had a jolly time, and I did think I should find something cheerful and jolly to greet a feller when I got home. And there you are—toothache again! I do call it hard upon a feller—precious hard!"

Miss Florence Rodgers, aged 18 years, residing in Smyrna township, Del., has made a record which should render her an attractive object to young farmers, not to mention the beauty which she possesses. Her father was pressed for help to harvest his grass, and Florence came to his assistance nobly. She borrowed a three-year-old nag, hitched it to a hay rake and started after the mower. She raked seventy five acres before the harvest days closed and attended to the feeding and harnessing of the young nag herself.

It is said a good many ladies who wish to dress plainly and neatly, and have been in the habit of wearing black, are disturbed by the fact that what are known as "sale ladies," shop girls and upper servants dress in a style so much like their own, and are wondering whether they cannot adopt some other color, such as prune, garnet, brown, navy blue, bottle green or wine color, and thus avoid the danger of being mistaken for persons of the working class. It certainly would be a terrible thing if a "lady" should be mistaken for a "person of the working class," wouldn't it?

There is a large class of women in Boston who must work for their living every day by keeping long, irksome hours in shop or store or counting house, and who very generally have others dependent on them. Here comes a contrast to the working girls of many, perhaps most other large cities. Instead of spending their hard-gained earnings for frivolities and fripperies of dress, in vain attempts to imitate the rich, these women almost invariably use their money to make their homes comfortable and attractive and to supply books, papers and magazines, which give them a reality of happiness out of business hours, which the cares and worries and possible petty triumphs of flashy dress and cheap jewelry could never supply.

## Lucelins.

A biting wind—A gnaw easter.

A lay sermon—A "curtain lecture."

The way of the world—The railway.

Things that must be pushed—Barrows.

A man of standing—An omnibus conductor.

"Never dispair," is the motto for married people.

Why is a chicken like a farmer?—Because both delight in a full crop.

"Stirring times!" as a Scotch lass said when she was making porridge.

How to turn people's heads—Come to a concert late in a pair of squeaking boots.

Man may be the head of the family; but, better than that, woman is the heart of it.

"Are you a wall flower?" he asked, and she replied: "No, I am a wall sir." Then they waltzed.

A young man described a taxidermist to a bevy of young girls as one who sort o' upholstered animals.

"Is there any clove or cinnamon?" asks a despairing moralist, "that will sweeten the breath of scandal?"

An old poker player, alluding to the immensity of the universe, remarked that there was "no limit to the game."

Misery no doubt loves company; but when a young lady has her lover's company, 'tis no sure sign that she is miserable.

"You are my precious pearl!" he said, as he drew her to his manly breast. "O, John," she sighed, "and you are my oyster."

The Mohawk *Register* puts it thus delicately: "A young lady visitor, without teeth, arrived yesterday under the care of the family physician."

Business life—Effie: "Oh, my dear husband, I can't consent to your going across the ocean until—until your life is fully covered by insurance."

"Daughter," said an anxious parent to his little one, "didn't I tell you to eat no more green apples?" "Yes, papa; but this is a yellow one."

Lives there an American with a soul so dead as never to himself has said: "I richly deserve a public office worth at least five thousand dollars a year?"

"Vill you take sumding?" said a German teetotaller to a friend while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Vell den, let us take a valk."

"Well, Pat, you didn't come to the two o'clock train to get me as I told you." "O, indade I did, sor; but I got there too late for that thrain, so I waited for the next one."

"What is the meaning of lost in French?" said a cab-driver to a foreign gentleman. "Perdu," answered the gentleman. "Well, then, your trunk is perdu," said the John.

An exchange says that Pennsylvania Dutch girls make good preserves. But it doesn't say how much sugar you take to a pound of Dutch girl, or how long you let 'em boil.

"Money does everything for a man," said one old gentleman, pompously. "Yes," replied the other one, "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

The man who walks for twenty four hours on a stretch is considered a hero, but no one seems to have a kind word for the father of the baby that yells straight ahead for seventeen hours.

The three proudest moments of a man's life, between the cradle and the grave, are, when he gets his first pair of red-top boots, when the girls first call him "Mister," and when the doctor tells him it's a boy.

"I don't like these circus performances," said an old gentleman. "I became prejudiced against them when I was a boy, by the gymnastics of a fly that stood on his head on my custard, and rubbed his hind legs together in the air."

A little girl was visiting the country, and for the first time witnessed the operation of milking. Watching the proceeding intently for a while, she inspected the cow minutely, and then launched this poser: "Where do they put it in?"

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance the other day. Her little daughter, who was present, grew weary of his conversation, and whispered in an audible tone, "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"

"I can't trust you" said a rumseller to an impoverished customer, "You should let liquor alone; if you hadn't drank so much of it you might now be riding in your carriage." "And if you hadn't sold it," retorted the victim, "you'd have been my driver."

Louis XIV., who was a slave to his physician, asked his friend Moliere what he did with his doctor. "Oh, sire," said he, "when I am ill I send for him. He comes; we have a chat, and enjoy ourselves; he prescribes—I don't take his medicine, and am cured."

An Englishman, traveling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of a coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles. "Confound your Irish miles! Why, there's no end to them!" "Sure, sir," said the coachman, "the roads are bad about here, and so we give good measure."

An absent minded man entered a shoe store the other day and wanted his boy measured for a pair of shoes. "But where's the boy?" asked the dealer. "Thunder!" said the man, "I've left the boy at home! I'll go and get him;" and off he started for his house six blocks away.

"You're a nice fellow, you are," said Jones to Smith, when the latter had announced his withdrawal from the party, and his intention to vote the opposition ticket next fall. "You change your political faith as you do your shirt. "To which Smith responded: "You wouldn't have me wear a shirt after I found it was dirty, would you?"

SURE, SAFE, PROMPT AND THOROUGH, are the characteristics of Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. Its merit has made it known everywhere for years as a standard curative for Cramps, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, and all diseases of the bowels; it is besides easily administered to children, being agreeable to the taste.

### THE KING'S SHIPS.

BY C. S.

God hath so many ships upon the sea!
  His are the merchantmen that carry treasure,
The men-of-war, all bannered gallantly,
  The little fisher-boats and barks of pleasure.
On all the sea of time there is not one
That sailed without the glorious name thereon.

The winds go up and down upon the sea,
  And some they lightly clasp, entreating kindly,
And waft them to the port where they would be;
  And other ships they buffet, long and blindly.
The cloud comes down on the great sinking deep,
And on the shore the watchers stand and weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea;
  Oh, it is deep! I look in fear and wonder;
The wisdom throned above is dark to me,
  Yet it is sweet to think his care is under;
That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn
Into his storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I, that sail in peril on the sea,
  With my beloved, whom yet the waves may cover,
Say: God hath more than angels' care of me,
  And larger share than I in friend and lover.
Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?
This deep is but the hollow of his hand!

## A Sudden Change.

BY S. S. L.

OFTEN did Stephen Smith remark to his confidential friends that he had a partiality for Miss Dobbs.

The duties of his father's farm did not engross all Stephen's time, and, being of an industrious turn, he sometimes sought work away from the paternal roof, at the suggestion of Mr Smith, senior.

It fell out once that he was to work for the father of Susan Dobbs; and, in performing the various functions in his employer's service, he became acquainted with the young lady.

Stephen's term of service for Mr. Dobbs had expired, and he was laboring now on his father's farm.

Just after eating his dinner the desire to see his sweetheart—for as such he regarded Susie—seized him so strongly that he at once decided that he must.

Accordingly, he washed his face, greased his boots, donned his new suit of clothes, put on a high collar, and was fully equipped. He then set out on the blind filly, his heart throbbing under his new waistcoat in a very indecorous way.

It chanced to be a warm day, and he passed the Dobbs mansion with his coat and vest under him, mopping with a red handkerchief his perspiring face.

In Mr. Dobbs' front garden, which lay next the high road, he espied his divinity in an arm chair, with several balls of yarn and a large hooked needle in her lap, eating oranges.

At her side, on a camp stool, sat a young man in a light suit of gray, smoking a cigar, and paring some of the fruit which lay in the young lady's work basket on the ground.

He was a stranger to our hero, who, nevertheless, drove the blind filly on to the gravel pavement and, lifting his hat, said, "How are you, Susan?"

The maiden blushed and nodded; she then began to talk again to the young gentleman by her side.

"You seem to be enjoying yourself," Stephen said.

Susan affected not to hear.

Here her companion removed his cigar from his lips and, after a puff, said:

"My good fellow, it is warm there in the sun, and I would not remain in that position any great length of time. That Arabian steed, or yourself even, may get sunstruck. Think of that!"

"You are a coward!" said Stephen, unconsciously rolling up his loose sleeves.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Susie, starting to her feet. "Mr. Smith, please ride on, and don't quarrel. You can come this evening, when pa is here. I won't have you quarreling now."

'Come here, Susie, I want to tell you something."

With a glance at her companion—who, with his back to them, was examining one of the tree-trunks very closely—she said, "I cannot. You must promise to behave better."

"Who is that fellow?"

"I will not tell you. You had better go on, Stephen."

Stephen thumped the filly into a gallop, and was off.

He looked back, and saw them both laughing.

When the sun had gone down Stephen was there again, marched up the back garden path, and into the kitchen.

"Why, Steve, how do you do!" exclaimed Sally, the cook.

"I'm well enough, Sally. Where is Susie? I want to see her," said Stephen, loftily.

"Well," said Susan, from another room, "here I am."

He went to her, and said, "I've been told that you was goin' to marry that feller that was here to day."

"Well?"

"Well, don't; 'cause if you do I'll lick him, sure. I love you, Susie. Won't you marry me? Say yes—now do!"

"You be off, Stephen."

"And you won't have me, Susan?"

"No, indeed!"

"And you'll marry that dandy?"

"I shall marry Mr. Owens."

"No you won't; I'll carry you off, and hide you in a cave, if you won't promise. Won't you marry me?"

"Be off, I tell you."

He seized her in his arms. He was large and brawny, while she was slender and light. He sprang out of doors, and started down the garden path. But before he made his exit from the door his burden uttered a number of screams, and did not stop until our hero placed his hand over her mouth.

He had almost reached the garden gate, when someone overtook and struck him over the head. He relaxed his hold, and fell to the ground.

Mr. Owens was Susie's rescuer. He held a cane in his hand, and calmly said, "What was that idiot doing, dear?"

"He was going to carry me off."

"He partly succeeded: too."

"He doesn't get up, Fred. You've hurt him."

"I'm sure I meant to."

"Let's do something for him."

"What shall I do?"

"Take him into the house."

"I'll take him up to the pump and give him a ducking first."

With considerable exertion, Owens carried the senseless form up to the kitchen door, and tumbled it down; he poured water in his face and resorted to other restoratives, but Stephen manifested no sign of life. For the first time the youth calculated the weight of his cane, which was loaded in the end with metal.

"Oh, you brute, to hit him with that!" exclaimed Sally, the cook; "you've surely killed him!" she continued, bursting into sobs. "Now help me to carry him into the house."

Susan seconded the motion, and he was taken in and laid on the lounge. He soon began to manifest signs of reviving, and Susan retired hastily, drawing her companion with her.

"What's the matter with me?" said Stephen, when he opened his eyes.

"Matter!" exclaimed Sally. "Matter enough, when you take a young lady in your arms and bolt off with her."

"Who hit me?" was the next question.

"Mr. Owens," she replied. "He laid you out and no mistake."

Stephen now became profane for awhile, but at length grew cooler.

"I was too ambitious, Sally," he said. "Ambition is a great cheat. Of course she wouldn't marry when I ain't rich. She don't respect me at all, 'cause I ain't well off."

"There's better fish in the sea," said Sally, sorrowfully.

"Oh, no there ain't."

"Well, you're your own judge."

"I'm goin' to marry, though, all the same, to spite her."

"That's it! Then she'll see you ain't so set on her as she thinks for.

"That's the idea exactly," continued Stephen, with a sudden change of manner. "Now, you're mighty good, Sally, and plump and sweet. I think I love you best, after all."

"Oh, now, hush!" said Sally, covering her face with her apron.

'Sally, won't you have me?"

"You love Susan best," said the maid of all work, chewing her apron.

"No, Sally, I swear I don't."

The red-haired Sally rose, and threw her weight into his arms, almost overturning the youth in her earnestness.

"Oh, Steve, I will—I will," she said; and it ended in a kiss that sounded like a thunder clap.

"I don't care a button for Susan," he whispered at parting. "I love you like steam."

So Sally and Stephen were married, and lived—well, pretty happy ever after.

A Harrisburg shoemaker, who lost his hearing in the war, recovered it suddenly while in swimming the other day. While thrusting his head under the surface of the water he thought he heard a loud report. Instantly raising his head he was surprised to find matter running from one of his ears, and a little while afterward he was astonished to find that his hearing had been actually restored.

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To the feeble convalescent, and to the over-worked student or professional man, or man of business who finds himself slowly losing vitality and the power to do his best; who knows that his health is gradually giving away and that if no help can be found a breakdown in the near future—fatal, it may be—is inevitable, "Compound Oxygen" offers an almost certain means of relief and restoration. Send for our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," which gives the largest information and many remarkable testimonials from widely known and eminent public men. Sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## New Publications.

Under the title of "Early Christian Literature Primers," the Messrs. Appleton are publishing a series of small volumes, edited by Prof. George D. Fisher, which are intended to embody in a few small inexpensive volumes the substance of the characteristics of the great Fathers of the Church, and to provide intelligent persons, laymen, and ministers with the means of gaining an accurate knowledge of the ecclesiastical writers. The first of the series is entitled "The Apostolic Fathers," and covers the interval between the close of the Apostolic Age and the last quarter of the second century. The series is gotten up in a very reliable way, and will no doubt supply a long felt want in church literature. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., have added to their series of "Foreign Authors," a translation from the French of Andre Theuriet, entitled Young Maugars. The story is very readable being well written in character and plot, and unobjectionable in tone. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price, 60 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The Nursery for September is, if possible, more attractive than ever, and filled with lovely pictures and stories especially adapted for little ones. Published by John L. Shorey, of Boston.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.'s reprint of the London Quarterly for July contains the following papers of interest: "The English Monarchy, Dean Hook and Bishop Selwyn, Music and Musicians, Count Cavour, Herefordshire, Polybius and his Lines, Glacial Epochs and Warm Polar Climates, Why is Scotland Radical? The Irish University Bill, etc., etc.

In the August number of the Leonard Scott reprint of Blackwood's Magazine, are to be found the following interesting selections: Part I of a story entitled Godfrey's White Queen, Notes from Cyprus, The continuing chapters of the serial Rents; Stock Jobbing and the Stock Exchange; St. Neat's in Cornwall, Half-Hearted, by J. S., India and the Silver Question, Contemporary Literature, in which Readers form the subject of discussion. Both of these reprints can be found for sale at W. H. Zieber's, of this city.

The September number of Potter's American Monthly is an entertaining periodical. Its table of contents for the present number shows a most excellent provision of choice and varied matter. The Kamis, or National Religion of Japan is ably explained by M. A. Bruhmet, and the illustrations exhibit the customary religious rites and ceremonies of this remarkable race of people. Among other notable articles which appear are Marriage Customs, Maine: an Historic Sketch, The Great Calf Case, and How I Lost It, A Minor Poet, etc., all equally interesting and pleasant. The serial in a Nutshell is concluded with this number, and the first instalment of a new story, entitled the New Minister is given. Although its author's name does not appear, we have the statement of the publishers, that he is an eminent divine of New York.

The first article of the Popular Science Monthly for September is on Spiritualism as a Scientific Question. It is a translation of an open letter of Professor W. Wundt, of Leipsic, to Professor Uirici of Halle, on the doings of the American Siade, in Germany. Dr. Oswald has a brilliant paper on the Serpent Charm, in which an interesting chapter in natural history is made available to dissipate an old popular delusion. Novelty in Patents is discussed by Mr. Oliver F. Lyman in a most instructive paper, showing what a great many inventors ought better to understand, what constitutes "novelty" in these cases. M. H. Robson treats of the Development of the House Fly, Sir Henry Thompson's elaborate essay on Food and Feeding is concluded by a very interesting discussion of wining and dining from a dietetical point of view. A Remarkable Coincidence is from the effective pen of Dr. George M. Beard, and bears on the delusions of clairvoyance, mind-reading, animal magnetism, and spiritism, showing the sort of evidence on which things of this kind are to be believed. Under the title of The Classical Controversy: its Present Aspect, Professor Bain again thoroughly exposes the fallacious pretexts on which this great hindrance to the progress of scientific education is maintained. Dr. Peterson describes the Vanilla Plant; and Dr. Richardson finishes his very instructive discussion on Chloral and other Narcotics. E. V. Blake opens one of the most important of all subjects in a paper on Spontaneous and Imitative Crime. Dr. Maudsley expounds Materialism and its Lessons. There are a portrait and sketch of Professor George F. Barker, who is this year President of the American Scientific Association. The correspondence relates to Spiritualism, and the Miscellany is full as usual of fresh scientific information. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Fifty cents per number, $5 per year.

**Parties wishing to operate in Stocks** in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. BAILEY & GALE, Stock Brokers, 33 Broadway, N. Y.

## News Notes.

There are forty-three Christian churches in Japan.

The London skating rinks are to be turned into lawn-tennis grounds.

Ten new railroads are under construction in Texas, aggregating 736 miles.

Jackson, Mich., convicts are to make 20,000 dozen hay forks for England.

The total number of American patents extant and expired is more than 216 000.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," doxology, was printed in 1697.

Grasshoppers in Russia blockade the streets and choke up the water courses.

The Louisiana rice crop, it is thought, will be 40 per cent. smaller than last year.

An unusual number of eagles have been noticed in the Alleghany mountains this summer.

Boils, Pimples, Freckles, Rough Skin, eruptions, impure blood, Hop Bitters cure.

Steel birds' heads with jet beaks and eyes, are among the ornaments imported for fall hats.

Miss Estelle Cavarzell, a beautiful and popular young lady of Norfolk, Va., has been lying in a trance for nine weeks.

**Easily Incurred, Terribly Obstinate** is Rheumatism. Even at the outset, the ordinary remedies are frequently powerless to cope with it. This is more particularly the case when a tendency to it is inherited. It should be combatted before it becomes chronic. When the first twinges are felt, recourse should be had to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a depurent which expels from the blood those irritating principles which, by contact, cause inflammation and pain in the muscles and joints. Poisonous medicines which are usually administered for this disease, but which, in a slight overdose, may terminate it by destroying life itself, should be avoided, and this safe and more effective medicine used instead. Those disorders of the bowels, stomach and liver which frequently accompany rheumatic and gouty ailments, are invariably removed by this excellent botanic corrective.

**Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime.—Persons** who have been taking Cod-Liver Oil will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wilbor has succeeded, from directions of several professional gentlemen, in combining the pure Oil and Lime in such a manner that it is pleasant to the taste, and its effects in Lung complaints are truly wonderful. Very many persons whose cases were pronounced hopeless, and who had taken the clear Oil for a long time without marked effect, have been entirely cured by using this preparation. Be sure and get the genuine. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City*.

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

One wineglass full of "Sapanule" to one quart of water, used as a wash cures Chapped Hands and Roughness of Skin.

Ague, biliousness, drowsiness, jaundice and rheumatism, Hop Bitters removes easily.

**When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

## The Garratt Electric Disk and Belt

Very highly recommended by first-class Physicians for the relief and cure of nervous and chronic ailments, such as Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica &c. This is the only effectual dry battery for wearing on the body or limbs known to the healing art, for short or prolonged applications of primary medical electricity it is perfect and self acting (without shock). It is durable and easy to wear and perfectly safe in all cases, specially adapted for delicate ladies. Used simply as a pad wet the skin. Small disk for children for headache, &c., $1. Large or circle disk $2 50. Long Belt $2.50 & $5. For sale by Druggists and Surgical Instrument makers. Manufactured by Electric Disk and Belt Co., D. W. McFarlane, Manager, No. 7, Exchange Place, Boston.

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Known as the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX. We will send to every reader of this paper the TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX, 8 tunes, as follows: "Home Sweet Home," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Tommy, make room for Your Uncle," "Baby Mine," "Hold the Fort," "The Blue Danube Waltz," "Dreaming near the Moonlight," "All among the Har Boys." We will send the Tyrolean Music Box by mail on receipt of $1; 2 boxes for $2. SCOTT & SON, 51 Park Row, N. Y.

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*Is Warranted to Break up the Most Troublesome Cough or Cold in an incredibly short time.* Physicians Recommend it. Try it. Sold by druggists.

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$2 WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Agents wanted. Address COULTER & CO., Chicago.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS

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It was the first and is

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that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
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FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
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AS IT SEATED IN THE
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CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

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**OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED**
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For Sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

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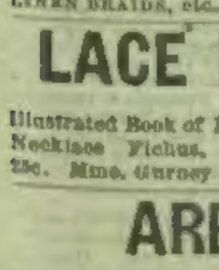

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This is an elegant Pocket-Book of a new design, made of Russia leather and handsomely finished with nickel plated mountings and clasps. It is arranged with pockets suitable for either silver, scrip or bills, and has a beautiful silk handle with tassels attached. They are equal to pocket-books sold in the stores for $1.25 to $1.50, and yet we send one by mail post-paid as a premium to any one sending five subscribers to Farm and Fireside at 50 cents a year. We are confident that our lady readers will be delighted with this new premium, and are sure that a more acceptable present could not be found.

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It is only because they are manufactured in large quantities especially for us that we can afford them at such a low price.

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## Hair Crimper, Curler,

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It recommends itself by its Low Price, Durability, Beauty, Neatness and Comfort. Don't make yourself hideous with scraps of curl papers, mutilating your fair head or unsightly iron crimpers which break and destroy the hair—woman's glory—when you can for a trifle secure the incomparable COMMON SENSE HAIR CRIMPER, FRIZZER AND CURLER.

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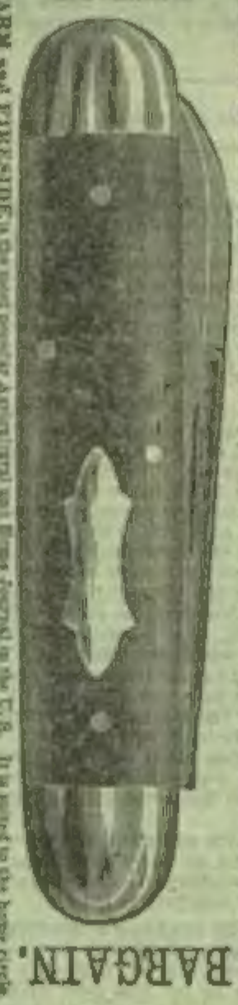

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AN EXCELLENT 2 BLADE KNIFE, pocket size and style, made with nickel plated mountings, and is made with metal centres so that it will wear well, and is warranted by the manufacturers to be a good knife. They are usually sold in the retail stores for 75 cents, and are cheap at that price, but we will send one by mail post-paid as a premium to any one sending us two subscribers to FARM and FIRESIDE at 50 cents a year. Every boy should have one of these knives. Every lady will find use for one in her household duties. Every farmer will find it a useful knife to have in his pocket. Every mechanic will find it a handy knife to have in his tool chest. Every one who has used one of these knives will say that it is the best knife they ever had for the money. We are confident that our readers will be delighted with this premium, and are sure that a more acceptable present could not be found.

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*Parties having LAND CLAIMS or LANDS in this Territory*

Who DESIRE TO SELL, Send Full Particulars, Synopsis of Title and Map of same to

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**The Carbonate Gold and Silver Mining Co.** of Leadville, Col. have placed $200,000 of their Capital Stock on the market as a working capital. The Company own seventeen good mines and are daily buying up more. The Company is organized as a prospecting and developing company, and any person desiring to invest in a good mining enterprise, in the best locality in the world, where fortunes are daily made by prospecting and developing mines, can do no better than to buy stock of this Company.

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GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING.
SEPTEMBER 16.
CAPITAL PRIZE, 500,000 PESOS.
ONLY 18,000 TICKETS.
AMOUNT DISTRIBUTED, 1,850,000 PESOS.
Tickets, $100; Halves, $50, Quarters, $25; Fifths, $20; Tenths, $10; Twentieths, $5. Spanish gold bought and sold. Drafts on Havana issued.
This old and well-known firm have no connection with any other Martinez, nor any branch office.
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Brother and successor of John R. Martinez, deceased.

**A GREAT OFFER!!!** 100 PIANOS AND ORGANS at EXTRAORDINARY LOW prices for cash. SPLENDID ORGANS $31, $42; 5 Stops $47, 7 do $53, 9 do $62, 11 do $67, 12 do $76, 13 do $87. 7 Octave SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS $125 do $131, 7 1-3 do $140 and $153, not used SIX Months. Warranted 5 years. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. HORACE WATERS, Agent, Manufacturer and Dealer, 40 East 14th St., New York. P. O. Box, 3530.

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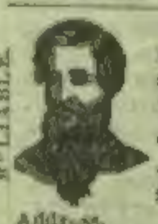

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N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION NOTES.

CHRONICLES of fashion abroad say that in spite of the prolonged wet season, dressmakers do not remember ever having made more washing dresses than have been ordered this year. The light woolen and fancy materials are brought to great perfection. White, cream, and ivory serges, of good quality, will also be very fashionable for watering place and country wear. The skirts should be kilted, with a scarf tunic and a long draped end at the back; or plain skirt, edged with kilting, with a long tunic drawn up in front, and opened with revers. The bodice, a tight-fitting coat, or yoke and waistband; in either case the trimming, such as crossway bands, revers, cuffs, etc., may be of some bright color, or a bandana check. The woolen materials spoken of above should be very simply made for traveling, rows of machine-stitching being an admirable trimming. The coat should be double breasted, with added basques, fastened with large buttons—tinted mother-of-pearl for instance. Blue dark reseda, dark garnet, seal brown, dark biege, and new shades of dark willow green for the deeper colors; almond, cafe au lait, chamois, gris pousiere for the lighter ones. The Parisian couturieres have made some very distingue costumes for mountain traveling of Stuart Tartan skirts, with dark blue or green casaquins. In the autumn and winter, doubtless this style will become very fashionable. The skirts of dresses intended for traveling are decidedly shorter than those for town, or even country wear. Black satin underskirts are in most fashionable favor; when tunics of gauze or grenadine are worn with them, the garniture is of Flanders, Mechlin, or Bretonne lace. Black, enlivened by color, is very fashionably worn, and will continue to be so through the year; an immense quantity of jet is also used in trimming black dresses, and gold braid is also employed; lace with the design outlined in jet or gold beads, or fine gold thread is also made for garnitures to black dresses. Pousiere d'ombre, a new pale grey, is much liked. White is exceedingly fashionable, especially in the creme and ivory shades, though dead white—blanc mort—and pure white are also very well worn. There are more white evening dresses worn than any other. Batiste, beautifully soft Indian muslin, and voile de religieuse are all worn over white satin or silk. Shot silks will be very fashionably worn, and are very effective as trimmings also.

Ordered suits and costumes for the autumn with us are not yet in the hands of dressmakers but the greater part of those ready-made costumes in course of preparation in the suit departments of the furnishing houses are made up in the form of a coat basque, with pointed waistcoat in front and a postillion back. The basque is generally curved shorter on the hips, but not invariably. When the basque has not a waistcoat it is given a stomacher-like plastron, which is pointed below the waist, and consists of two revers sewed together down the middle, extending from the neck down and tapering gradually narrower to the waist. Under this plastron, waistcoat, or stomacher the basque is fastened with small flat buttons. The plastron may be either of plain cloth or satin, or it may be covered with parallel lines of zigzag braids set on crosswise in points. The postillion backs are sometimes pointed, but oftener square, and are given flat box plaits headed with fancy buttons. The skirts are short, trimmed with the usual flounce or flounces, in the usual variety of kilt, knife-blade, and box pleatings. Paniers appear on many of these skirts, or scarfs arranged to produce panier effects. Wide belts are seen on many of the basques, beginning in the seam under the arms and fastening in front. Other basques are half double-breasted, and others again have surplice pleats or gathers in front; and blouse effects are also popular in basques, fastening down with three-inch wide belts, to which the side pocket is attached. The buttons on the waistcoats are smaller than those on other parts of the costume. Few outside pockets are seen, but sometimes a long square or pear-shaped appendage of this kind is attached to the lower edge of a basque, and made very effective with trimmings. Plaid silks and silk plush of the same shade as the wool material of the dress, and self-colored Jacquard corduroys, also of the shade of the woolen stuff, are used for trimming cashmeres, camels' hair, and momie cloth costumes.

The demand has been about equal so far this season for satins and momie cloths for the plain parts of costumes, and for goods of the same grade woven in narrow stripes—broken checks, rays, and invisible checked, striped and mixed effects—for other parts of costume. The satines are similar to the wool satines of that name sold ten years ago in this market, while the momie cloths are woven to produce various modifications of the momie effect so much sought for in last spring's printed cotton goods. The stripes, broken checks, rays and brochee effects observed in the mixed goods are, however, genuine novelties peculiar to this season. The colors are very bright, and there are many colors in the same stripe or check, but all are so blended, broken and combined in the weaving as to produce quiet effects with the richest and most pronounced shades of yellow, red, blue, green, and white and black threads, on grounds of yellow, brown, dark blue, olive, and peacock green, garnet, and French grey. To these colors new names are given this season. Acajou or mahogany is golden brown; canaque another shade of the same color, and Zulu a reddish brown; amaranth is a new reddish purple, Japoniers is a new green blue, and Pouarlere is gendarme blue, while another shade of the same color is called ducks-breast blue; Burgoyne is a reddish plum, and Dauphin grey a yellowish shade of that popular color. To the new mixtures are given similar names. Zulu, canaque, and acajou describe certain Jacquard effects produced on the surface of a certain line of goods. Other goods are labelled raye arabesque, toile de sangiier, or boars' skin, serpente or snake skin, armure, and crushed armure—all terms more or less significant of the appearance of the goods.

In European silk and wool mixtures and all-wool goods this year the variety is absolutely bewildering. In mixed goods there are frequently eight different white colors, so combined and mingled in the weaving as to produce a solid effect of the most sober and subdued tone imaginable. While chameleon effects are thus produced, they are not startling nor offensive, although pronounced. Red and yellow are favorite combinations, yet mingled, as they are, by the artistic French eye, they do not offend the most refined taste. Some of the Indian cashmere effects produced in the silk and wool mixtures exceed everything that has yet been manufactured in France in imitation of and improvement upon Oriental ideas. The magical effects of quietness of tone produced by rich colors that are seen in an India or valley cashmere shawl are seen in these French India silk and wool cashmere goods, intended for the corsages and paniers and parts of costumes. Chameleon effects are added to the Oriental charm, and the palm leaf and arabesque designs reduced in size and grace until the inmost sense of beauty is satisfied in looking at them. Whether thrown into the more usual form of stripes in Oriental effects, on a satine or plain wool, or uncut velvet surface, or in mingled patterns, Jacquard woven, the effect is equally beautiful. These goods are invariably accompanied by self-colored fabrics for the skirts, woven with welted or corduroy effects, mostly in longitudinal lines, but occasionally the corduroy effect is seen running crossways the goods. To these corduroy or welted goods the general term of coteline is given. The goods to be worn with them are invoiced Jacquard India French cashmeres.

The grey wool goods in mixtures present equally novel effects. For the skirts are shown stripes in chevron effects to be worn under broken plaid and checks and plain gray mixtures.

Plaid Jacquard is another genuine novelty, the large plaids being produced in a variety of novel and striking designs and sharply contrasting colors woven in a Jacquard loom, and, while they imitate the size and colors of tartans, they are very unlike them. Broken blocks, squares, and dashes of color are produced in the midst of the wool mixtures by bright threads of silk thrown in, the predominant tints, being old gold, sapphire and turquoise blues, cherry and other shades of red, and bright shades of green on dark grounds. These will be used only for trimmings of costumes.

### Fireside Chat.

As the season for preserving fruit has arrived, some good suggestions on the subject may prove acceptable to the readers of the Fireside Chat. All housekeepers have a variety of recipes which they consider better than others, but after following for years certain rules for preserving fruit, I have taken new ones on trial and found them better than the old, so I think some readers may do the same and find these an improvement on their own.

Procure only fine fruit for preserving or canning. Before you commence, see that your jars are clean and in order, and that you have enough of them. Use a porcelain-lined kettle, and do not put more than six or eight pounds of fruit in it at a time. All preserved fruit and jellies should stand at least twelve hours before closing the jars or tumblers; if they are closed whilst they are hot the syrup will be thin and watery; but if left until the day they are preserved, the juice will be rich and thick. Keep them in a cool, dry place, and if your covers are close and air tight, they will neither mould or ferment. It is neither the length of time they are cooked nor the amount of sugar used in preserving that keeps the fruit, but simply protecting them from the air. Small fruits—as strawberries and raspberries—may be put in pint jars; quart jars are better, for larger fruit is apt to be broken in taking it from smaller jars.

Jars of canned fruits should be closed and made air-tight as soon as they are filled, unless cooked in boiling water; in that case close them as soon as they are boiling hot.

Brandy Peaches.—In making brandy peaches I have tried every style of recipe I have ever heard of, and the result of my experience proves the following to be the best of all, and the fruit has the finest flavor and looks the best. I use the old white heath *freestone*; if the *clings* are used they shrivel up after being cooked, besides being very difficult to eat. I allow a half pound of sugar to a pound of fruit before it is peeled, which adds a slight difference in the amount of sugar. Make the syrup with a small quantity of water just enough to gradually dissolve the sugar. Pare the peaches with a silver knife and as they are pared throw them in the hot syrup immediately—for standing makes them dark—enough should be pared as can be cooked at one time. Have a large bowl with the white brandy or pure spirits, in which drop each peach as soon it is taken out of the syrup the hot peach absorbs the spirits, and makes it firm. When they have laid in the spirits a while or as the bowl fills, take the peaches out and fill the jars. When the jars are filled, mix the syrup in which the peaches were cooked and the brandy together, a pint of each, strain it and throw over the fruit, if any of the syrup is left, it is a very good plan to keep it to fill the jars as the peaches are used.

Canned Peaches.—Pare the fruit, cut in half and take out the stones: make a syrup of a quarter of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, and cold water to make a syrup; put the peaches in, a few at a time; heat them boiling hot all through, have the jars hot, put in the peaches and seal up immediately. It is better to do only as many at a time as will fill a quart jar; and a little experience will soon teach you how much water to put to the sugar; there should be just enough to make sufficient syrup to fill the jar up to the lid; a pint is generally the right quantity.

Spiced Peaches.—Seven pounds of fruit pared and cut in half, three pounds of good brown sugar, a pint and a half of good cider vinegar, one ounce of whole cloves, and half an ounce of mace; put the vinegar, sugar and spice in your preserving-kettle, boil and skim, then lay in the fruit and cook it slowly for two hours. The yellow peaches are the best for this purpose. Put them in jars; when cold, cover them to be air-tight. Pears, plums and cherries may be prepared the same way.

Peach Marmalade.—Peel the peaches, cut them in half and take out the stones; weigh them and allow half their weight in sugar. Mash the peaches with a potato masher, and put them with the sugar over a slow fire and cook them until perfectly smooth and clear. This will require three or four hours. Stir them frequently, and towards the last almost all the time. Cook about one-third of the stones with the peaches. When the marmalade is done, put it in jars and let it stand until next day; then close them tightly.

Green Gages.—Wipe them, prick each one with a coarse carpet needle, weigh them, allow a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit, put in the preserving kettle alternate layers of sugar and fruit, set them back where they will warm but not cook until the sugar is dissolved, which it will soon do if the fruit is all pricked with the needle. When this is accomplished, set them over the fire, boil and skim until the fruit is clear, which will be in about three-quarters of an hour; fill your jars with the fruit, three parts full, boil the syrup five minutes longer, unless it has already thickened sufficiently, then pour over to fill the jars, set away in a cool place until next day, then cover closely.

A delicious way of preserving large plums is as follows: Skin them by pouring hot water over the fruit, the skins will come off very easily, leaving the fruit firm and green in color. Add eight pounds of sugar to nine pounds of fruit. Make the syrup by dissolving a little water to the sugar. When the syrup has come to a boil, throw it over the plums and let them remain until the following day. Pour the syrup off and scald it again and pour over the plums, which have been placed in their jars. This cooks them sufficiently.

Fox-grape Jelly.—Fill a kettle with the grapes picked from their stems, mash them thorough, and boil them until the skins are soft and can be strained through a sieve all but the skins and seeds; then strain them through a sieve, and to every pint of juice allow a pound of sifted sugar; boil together half an hour, put the jelly into glasses, and next day cover closely. You may use either green or ripe fox grapes.

To Preserve Pears.—Pare and cut the fruit in half, take out the core, weigh the fruit, and allow three quarters of a pound of sifted sugar to every pound of fruit; put the sugar into a preserving kettle with a small teacup of hot water under the sugar; set it on the back of the range or stove, stir it frequently until the sugar is all dissolved, then lay in the pears, set them over the fire, and cook them rather slow until perfectly clear; set the kettle off the fire, take out the fruit with a spoon, without any of the syrup, fill the jar three quarters full, and set the syrup over the fire again, cut a fine large lemon into slices, put in the syrup, and boil for ten minutes; then lay a slice or two of lemon in each jar and fill up with the syrup, let them stand until next day, then make them air-tight. This recipe is for ripe tender fruit; if green or tough, you must boil it first in water, allowing enough to barely cover the fruit. When tender, take it out, lay it on a dish, strain the water, put it back in the kettle, add the sugar, and when dissolved, lay in the fruit, and proceed as above. One lemon is sufficient for six or eight pounds of pears.

Canned Pears.—Pare them, cut them in half and take out the cores; lay them in the jars to look nicely until nearly full; mix in a basin a teacup of sugar and nearly a pint of cold water until the sugar is dissolved (sifted sugar); then pour it over the pears. Do this quantity for each quart jar. Put a thin board in the bottom of a large tin boiler, set the jars on the board, and fill up the boiler with cold water; set over a good fire, and let it come to a boil. Continue to boil them hard until the pears are as hot as the water all through; close them up and let them stand until nearly cold, then remove them from the water, wipe them and set them away.

You may can any other fruit in the same way but pears are best done in this manner.

### LACE-MAKING—ARRASENE.

I would call the attention of our lady readers to Madame Gurney's advertisement in our columns, in which she refers to her guide to making lace and patterns for different styles of lace. There is no fancy work that has had such continued popularity as lace making; increased by the fact that so many beautiful laces can be reproduced at an expense far below the cost of the real imported ones. It is not only a charming style of fancy work, but one in which a great deal of skill and excellence can be attained and with the explicit directions published by Mad. Gurney, the most ignorant can become an expert. The result enables one to have any of the lovely lace accessories of dress at a much less expense than to buy them.

Madame Gurney also advertises the new embroidery material "Arrasene" which has met with such popularity abroad. Arrasene looks as if minute bundles of tiny fibres of silk or worsted had been arranged on a centre line of threads much as the pile of velvet is formed. Sewn to any material arrasene looks exactly like ruffled velvet; but as the minute rows of fibres catch and reflect the light under various angles an extremely rich effect of color is produced. Arrasene is excellently adapted for relief embroidery on any material, the worsted pile looking well on cloth and the silk pile on lighter materials such as linen, crash, etc. To embroider with arrasene is very easy work, as the same is either laid on or stitched through the foundation, and the most delicate shading can be executed without any difficulty except that of choosing from a great number of brilliant and subdued shades of color the most appropriate tints for a desired effect. A chenille needle, with a fairly large eye, to enable the material to pass properly through the fabric, should be selected for the work.

The work is very brilliant in effect, and is considered the most attractive novelty of the class that has been brought out and it is sure to be taken up extensively for art embroidery, screens, sofa cushions and other pieces of needlework.

Be true to your own honest convictions. Intimations from our own souls, of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march along as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.

# Answers to Inquirers.

L. T. F., (Wrightville, Ark.)—We know of no such firm as you mention. Have you not given the name incorrectly?

DISPUTE, (Phila, Pa.)—William's wife will be Mrs. Jones, though his mother were still living; she is the wife of the head of the family.

IGNORANCE, (Mt. Holly, N. J.)—You may get married in either State without a license, and there are no formalities whatever to comply with.

JOHN J., (Gallahan, Mont.)—Quebec is the most populous city in British America, and the entrepot of the trade with Canada and the West Indies.

ANAWALK, (Dauphin, Pa.)—There is an article known as "cork role" in the market and it may be procured at almost any shoe store. A pair would cost very little.

PUZZLED, (Danville, Pa.)—Under the name given the work is not familiar, but supposing it to be similar to worked mottoes generally, we think the letters should be worked in.

CORRESPONDENT, (Williamsochie, Ga.)—We have no means of ascertaining the addresses inquired after. Your best course would be to write to the parties in Cincinnati direct. Even if street and number are not given, they are nearly certain to get the letter.

RENUS, (Phila. Pa.)—A stone jar will be sure to crack with the heat; an iron saucepan will turn the jam inky black; but if well tinned inside an iron saucepan will answer very well, as will also a large pipkin, which is suitable, both to the jam and on the score of economy.

OLD FRIEND, (Hopkinsville, N. Y.)—After considerable research and inquiry we are altogether unable to inform you of any vine that will serve your purpose. Why not try tethering the calves so that while they may freely range about the yard, the porch will be just beyond their reach?

FLORA, (Holmes, Miss.)—A young lady can seldom, perhaps never, make a favorable impression on a gentleman's heart by exhibiting an anxiety to do so. She must let him do all the wooing. Her heart is the citadel which he must besiege, and she must at least make a show of a spirited defence.

APPLETON, (Hacking, O.)—The people of Orleans in France will, of course, be on the side of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, as many pilgrims visit the statue and the market place; but notwithstanding the recent discovery of her tomb, there is, to say the least of it, great room for historic doubt.

P. S. L., (Phila., Pa.)—Dumas, the author of "Monte Cristo," etc., was a Frenchman—the son of the Republican General Alexander Davy Dumas, who was himself the offspring of the Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie and a negress. Alexander Dumas, Jr., the author of "Camille," etc., was the son of the former.

HAVILAND, (Keokuk, Iowa.)—The "Legion of Honor" is an order instituted by Napoleon while consul, in 1801, for civil and military merit. It consists of different grades of merit; as grand crosses, crosses, commanders, officers, and legionaries, all of whom received pensions with this rank of distinction.

R. P., (Greenville, S. C.)—If you want to be a "professional" man, you can easily attain to that dignity; but, if you want to be a successful or distinguished professional man, you will not find it an easy achievement. The member of any profession who determines to distinguish himself, has a life of intense mental labor and drudgery before him.

F. B., (Campbell, Va.)—It is considered impolite for people to whisper too much together when strangers are in the room; but in small villages you must not apply the rules of etiquette in such matters with the same strictness which would be observed in large cities. It is seldom, if ever, worth while to make a fuss about them.

L. M., (Logan, Ill.)—"Political Economy" is in a special sense the administration of the revenues of a nation, or the management and regulation of its resources and productive property and labor. "Political Economy," comprehends all the measures by which the property and labor of citizens are directed in the best manner to the success of individual industry and enterprise and to the public prosperity.

F. L. S., (Omega, La.)—Your best plan is to see a veterinary surgeon in regard to your horse. Be attempting to cure him yourself, without thoroughly understanding the nature of his ailment, you may permanently injure him. Still if you are determined to try your hand at doctoring there are books on the horse which may be procured very cheaply at any book store, which will be of great service to you in your task.

PENN, (Phila., Pa.)—The "middle ages" may be called that period in the history of Europe, which begins with the final destruction of the Roman Empire, and is considered by some to end with the taking of Constantinople; by others with the Reformation, the discovery of America, the invention of printing, &c. According to Hallam, who wrote a history of this period, it extends from the invasion of France by Clovis, A. D. 486, to that of Naples by Charles VIII in 1495.

C. F., (Kent, Del.)—Your theory that a great chess player must necessarily be a superior man is without support in fact or history, as far as our information on the subject goes. We have known some excellent chess-players who were very indifferent men; but we have never known a first-class man who was a superior chess player. As to the pre eminence of chess over other amusements, that is a question of taste rather than of fact, and therefore cannot be determined one way or the other.

SCONEY, (Ford Kans.)—The terms used by publishers to denote the size of books are the Latin names for the numerals quarto, four; octavo eight; duodecimo twelve; each having reference to the number of leaves into which a sheet of paper is folded without regard to the size of the sheet. For example a sheet of paper as folded but once is entitled a folio, from the Latin folium a leaf. Should you fold it again, it would make a quarto, or four leaves. Folding it still again it would make an octavo or eight leaves. Folding the sheet into twelve leaves makes a duodecimo.

E. J., (Luzerne, Pa.)—Fortune is always unkind or too kind; she never does things properly, too much or too little seems to us to be always her rule. Here whilst we have dozens of letters complaining of the want of lovers, you tell us you have two; one rich and one poor. You love the latter and fear your parents will force you to marry the former. If you are of age don't be forced into marrying; the affections are heaven born and too sacred to be played with. Your parents have a right to control your actions to a certain extent, but not to dower you with misery. Marriages a la mode end but one way, and love is too sacred to be utterly stifled by mere position.

MOSS, (Jay, Ind.)—We can hardly in our space tell you the whole of the tenets of the Greek or Russian Church. Firstly, it acknowledges a Patriarch, not a Pope, secondly, the feasts of the Church are held very differently from those of the Catholic. It celebrates Easter in a different manner on a different day, preferring the old style calendar—the Julian. It does not worship the Virgin, nor bow to images; yet it has pictures of saints. It administers the two elements of the Sacrament to the Laity; the Romans withhold one. Its priests can marry if they choose, and under certain conditions. It excludes Presbyters and Elders from any part of the administration of the Church; and immerses in baptism, &c.

I. W. P., (Argonville, Ont.)—At the Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, students help to pay the charges of tuition by laboring part of the time in the workshops and grounds of the establishment. Write to the secretary who will send you a pamphlet giving all necessary particulars and information. 2. No. All college students at law are required, we believe, to pass a satisfactory examination before an examining board, previous to admittance to the bar. 3. The High School in this city is public, the pupils living at their homes and paying nothing for their tuition. 4. The salaries vary from four hundred to eighteen hundred dollars according to grade.

BACKWOODSMAN, (Union Springs, Ala.)—1. We will take your suggestion into consideration. 2. The Zulus are a tribe of negroes in South Africa. The English are now at war with them in consequence of some indignities inflicted upon several officials in the British colonies there. 3 In answering a question concerning the health of a relative it is usual and in good taste to add "thank you." 4. In some circles it is considered style to never use the saucer in drinking tea or coffee. But, though formal etiquette, it is not good etiquette for the reason that it is opposed to good sense. In your own case use your best judgment as to what you shall do, previously ascertaining the relative heat of the liquid and your capacity or inclination for having your throat parboiled. The saucer is used in daintily sipping the tea, or held out of the way by the fingers.